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EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS;

OR, THE

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THE

EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS;

OR, THE

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

AN

UTOPIAN ROMANCE,

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOSOM FRIEND," "LOVE, AN ALLEGORY,"

ETC.

Genus huic materna superbum
Nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat.
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THE

EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

FIRNOS and Walter de Grey land in England---The victim of seduction---Edmund de Grey and Kitty Bligh---Firnos and Clara de Grey---A masquerade---A trial for adultery---Camilla---The Baron of Naldor discovered in Bedlam----Margaret Montgomery, the ancient friend of Agalva.

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THE

EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS.

BOOK IV.

At length the vessel arrives at Portsmouth, and the deck is covered with a swarm of those depraved victims of seduction whose mercenary charms will in some few hours have stripped the thoughtless sailor of the wages of a three years voyage. But what a difference Firnos found in their forward air and significant looks from the picture that De Grey had so often drawn of the reserve and modesty of his country-women.

Arrived at their inn, Firnos expressed his surprise. "You will soon find," answered De Grey, "and probably to your mortification, how chaste the English women are; though perhaps they are rather kept back by the tyranny of custom, than backward from inclination: but the more restrained the wives are in any country, the more numerous will be the victims of seduction. The antient Athenians kept their matrons as their handmaids, but fled from the ennui of their Gynaceums into the arms of their Laises and their Phrynes; and your Chinese neighbor, who to complete the subordination of his countrywomen, accustoms them to such small shoes that they can scarcely stand upon their feet, passes his leisure hours in beholding the dances of his Tartarian girls; and though there is not a single courtesan at Calicut, there are at Ispahan thirty thousand inscribed in the registers of the police. Wherever marriage is a profession, love will be a trade; and as this

profession is no where in Europe so observed as in England, the trade is no where so flourishing. At Paris the first being a mere ceremony, the last is dwindling into nothing. Before the revolution there were twenty thousand prostitutes at Paris, now their number amounts only to eight thousand: whereas in London the number of fifty has within these few years swelled to seventy thousand: so that every eighth female that we meet in the streets is a prostitute. Are then the French less amorous than we? No,—but they are more gallant; more delicate in their amours. They attach themselves to married women, while we frequent brothels I will not here discuss the advantages o either system; but if we compare the polite indifference of a French husband with the infamy and depravity of an English prostitute, we must allow that the mass o human misery must be greater in London than in Paris. And, my dear Firnos, you may believe, that all those poor creatures

who are not thoroughly depraved, are completely miserable. They, whose looks are so wanton, are perhaps of the coldest constitution. They are obliged to appear amorous when love is a drudgery to them; to force their lips into smiles when grief preys upon their heart. It is not late, we have three hours before bed-time. As I trust you have too much delicacy to be tempted by a mercenary beauty, I will send for one of those pitiable females, and we shall probably find that she whose profession is pleasure, is one of the most hopeless of creatures. Those poor wretches had perhaps only applied to the dram-bottle to drown their tormenting reflections."

The waiter soon announced a nymph of pleasure. After a slight tap at the door she entered, and greeted the two travellers as her oldest friends. Her bosom was shaded by the thinnest muslin, and her whole dress rather covered than concealed her charms. She seemed so happy, she could scarcely contain her satisfaction at

their sight: she danced and skipped about the room: a smile of approbation rather preceded than followed their most ordinary compliments. She laughed and talked without ceasing till supper employed her tongue, when she eat more than her delicate form would seem to contain. The servants had retired, when De Grey, after making her self-love an apology for the neglect of her charms, gave her a guinea, and requested of her the history of her life.

She burst into a flood of tears. De Grey endeavored to sooth her. After some hesitation she thus began: "Ah! compliment me not on my charms. Heaven might have designed beauty as a blessing, but man has turned it into a curse. Had I been a homely girl, I should not have brought my mother to the grave. I should have been the nurse and comfort of her age. I should not have disgraced an honest family. I dare not recollect my

childhood, and when I look forward, I shudder, I am distracted.

" And yet there is something so ordinary in my case: what has happened to me, will happen to fifty thousand others. I will not pretend to an honorable origin; when I was seduced, the affront was not offered to a gentleman's family, which must be washed in blood. No escutcheon received a stain, but many a kindred heart has bled at my misfortunes.

" My mother was, at the death of her husband, a country curate, left with three daughters. My two sisters became the wives of two neighboring farmers: but the second dying in childbed with a girl, my mother and myself, who lived together, undertook the care of her little infant.

" The two following years had passed in ease and content; our income was small, but our wants were few; when a severe illness seized me, and an apothecary's bill brought us to the brink of ruin. My mo-

ther, my good dear mother, after waiting on me the day, worked at her needle during the night: I recovered, but she lost her eye-sight, lost it for my sake, for *me*, her ungrateful daughter.

" My conduct was for the three next years irreproachable—was exemplary. O with what pleasure I could reflect on these three years, were the contrast not too glaring with my present misery. At last the lord of the manor, a young man just of age, arrived to take possession of his estates. He saw me leading my blind mother to church; I had the misfortune to please him; he easily got entrance into our house, and with the word virtue ever in his mouth, though he never mentioned love before my mother, he not only gained mine but her good opinion. An education superior to my station conspired to aid my ruin. Proud of surpassing the village girls, I vainly imagined some trifling accomplishments would induce him to overlook the meanness of my birth; and the

young squire was perpetually flattering me how comfortably my blind mother might pass her old years at the manor-house. I clasped him to my heart, and he in an unwary moment robbed me of my virtue: I need not add that in a few weeks he left me to despair.

"Meanwhile my shame increased, and was the scandal of the neighborhood. My late father had made himself many enemies by forcing the sister of a churchwarden to do penance in a white sheet: now the relatives of this man, who was one of the parish grandees, made me feel their vengeance. When I appeared at church a hissing followed, and I was hooted by the boys in the village. One day I fled from their insults, and was sitting by my mother, whose blindness had hindered her from discovering my situation, when a loud sob escaped me; she started; and I was obliged to allege a melancholy, for which I could not account. 'Well then,' said she, 'I will explain it. A tender

heart at your age must feel a void. The care of a family is the province of a woman, and depend upon it, some worthy man will offer. Your virtues are the richest dowry. She who so well fulfils the duties of a daughter, was surely designed for those of a mother.' And then with her hands feeling her way to my head, 'O I call Heaven to witness,' continued she, 'that these years of my blindness have been my happiest years, since they have proved to me the worth of my child.' O how my conscience bit me. A shower of tears ended in a fit of histerics. I was carried to bed: the pains were hastened; and, to the surprise of all present, I bore a live child.

"My mother, during some weeks, was kept in total ignorance of the event; when one day she felt her way into my chamber, and found the child sucking at my breast. What a shock for a pious mother! it caused her death. In ten days she was a corpse.

"Behold me now a miserable outcast,

forsaken by my friends, derided by my acquaintances, with a broken spirit, a ruined character, a wounded conscience. My little niece in the abruptest manner was snatched away from me by my elder sister, though the little girl was amply provided; while I, her own sister, was left without a shilling in the world for my helpless orphan: nay, her horror for an illegitimate child was so great as for a spider or a toad; she would not touch it, would not suffer it near her. At last a charitable gentlewoman in the neighborhood offered to provide for it, on condition I would never inquire or trouble myself about it. What a cruel alternative; but what parent would sacrifice the welfare of her child to her own feelings. I consented, and since that time I have neither seen nor heard of it.

"God bless thee, my little Edward," cried she, throwing herself franticly on her knees; "if not already an angel, and sharing that bliss of which I have forfeited

all hopes, may thy mother's infamy never reflect on thee. May the remembrance of her misery, when she is not more, never interrupt thy happiness. Rise, impious woman, rise, thou must remain ignorant of thy son's destiny. It is even blasphemy in thee to bless him!

" I am now a nymph of pleasure, a votary of love, exposed to the tyranny of the procuress, to the taunts of the prude, to the familiarity of the vicious, to the insults of the bully, to the caresses of the dotard, and the suspicions of the police. How often have plans of the most unlawful associations been made to me by the thief, and stratagems of the blackest treachery been proposed to me by the thief-taker: for the wretched sisterhood are thought capable of every thing. If cited into a court of justice, we find our judges prejudiced against us. The rent of our wretched garrets is doubled, for we must pay for the infamy that we spread around us; and if not paid beforehand, we

are turned into the street. Some mischievous schoolboys disturb our neighbors, and we are prosecuted as a nuisance. Vice is seldom generous, often niggardly, yet we must share the wages of our prostitution with the waiters of the tavern; and of these hard-earned wages how often are we defrauded by unfeeling avarice.

"And then the horrid prospect before us, when the victim of seduction dwindles into one of those infamous matrons, the tyrant or slave of the poor young creatures that she is training to the same career of misery; but few of us can hope that our crimes will end so splendidly. When our charms are fled, we die of hunger in a garret,—no faggot to warm us, no friend to sooth us; virtue itself disdaining to relieve us. But our torments here are mere anticipation: the galley-slave may hope to expiate his offences; the repentant felon may die with confidence; but want bars against us the door of repentance, and forced to sin to the last, we breathe

out our devoted souls in phrenzy and despair."

Firnos was so affected with her tale, that he wept like a child. When she was gone, he walked up and down the room wrapt up in his thoughts. "One thing," said he, "I cannot comprehend: if this line of life be so vexatious, why not adopt some other."

"Ah, my good friend," answered De Grey, "you little know the severity of Europe. The woman who has once erred, is so infamous, that no family would receive her as their menial servant; no manufactory would employ her. She is on the brink of a precipice, nothing can prevent her destruction. But good night, Firnos, it is late. Before you leave Christendom, your curiosity may lead you to visit a prison where she, who has given life to an illegitimate child, is confined under the same roof with her who has murdered one."

Susan the chambermaid showed Firnos

his room. Firnos wished her a good night. She asked him if he wanted any thing: he repeated his compliment, she her question: she sighed, and retired. Susan returned with a pan of coals. It was a fine autumnal night, after a sultry day; the windows were wide open: the Prince stared. "Some gentlemen," Susan observed, "were of a cold constitution." There was an archness in her smile, which in a twinkling drove the parson's daughter out of his thoughts. When with a loud noise the waiter burst open the door, and a stream of abuse and a volley of oaths followed against poor Susan, for having dishonored her lord and master: the waiter being authorised by marriage to bear these titles. All the guests in the inn were waked by the uproar. Firnos was to be conducted before a justice of peace; when De Grey compromised the affair, and the vile blusterer, receiving fifty guineas, thanked his good fortune for the windfall.

Firnos retired to bed with no high opinion of the common sense, or justice of the nation. "See," says he, "a poor girl turned out of doors for becoming a mother, for which she in Malabar would have received the congratulations of all her friends; and a human being considered in a free country the property of a husband. O my dear mother, what hardships mayest thou not have suffered among such an unaccountable people!"

The next morning the two friends consulted on the measures to be pursued for Agalva's discovery. De Grey was impatient to see his brother Edmund, and it was resolved to remain concealed at his country-seat, till it was certain that the Major's family had dropped the prosecution for his unhappy death. Meanwhile an agent in London was directed to make every search and inquiry after the Princess of Indostan.

It was the dusk of the evening as the chaise and four arrived at the park gate.

It was locked. De Grey and his companion jumped out, sprang over, and walked silently along the stately avenue, that led to the family seat of the De Greys. They had almost reached the terrace, when the following air, sung by a voice that went to their very hearts, stopped them. Without a thought of interrupting it, they stood fixed in admiration.

Forget me not, should mirth allow thee leisure
To think on me, while cares my heart destroy;
Forget me not, should sorrow damp thy pleasure,
And rouse thy troubled soul from golden dreams of joy;
And should thy love of change prefer unmeaning folly
To faith that ne'er deceiv'd and pleasing melancholy,
My eye shall speak in tears, that trickle for thy lot,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, though heedless of my anguish
Fortune should tear thee from my faithful arms;
While months and years condemn'd in vain to languish,
My tongue repeats thy name, my mind revolves thy charms:

Ah, consecrate to me some little fleeting hour,
For time and distance yield to friendship's magic power:
My heart shall cry to thine; whate'er may be my lot,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, though dull cold earth should cover
This heart, which beat so constantly for thee:
The spotless soul around thee then shall hover,
Tho' weak and erring now, yet then from error free.
Think then 'tis I, whene'er a ray of hope revealing
A spirit to thy soul inspires a tender feeling,
'Tis I who whisper still, still anxious for thy lot,
Forget me not.

The voice was silent. Firnos darted forward, when a female ran down the steps, and clasped him to her bosom, and in the same breath sealed with a kiss of forgiveness her reproaches for his long absence. It was Clara de Grey: she had mistaken him for her husband, and was ready to sink for confusion, as her brother-in-law presented to her the Imperial Prince of Indostan.

There were no visitors at the house.

Clara was obliged to excuse her husband's absence, which cut her to the heart. De Grey made many inquiries after his friends and relatives, whom he had not seen so long: "And my uncle, the Chancellor, must have left an immense fortune? who were his heirs?"

Clara.

His children—who else?

De Grey.

His children?

Clara.

The whole island was astonished: the Countess bore a son and heir, and the following year a second. What, you doubt the possibility of such an event?

De Grey.

By no means, (answered De Grey, who remembered the hermitage and Chaplain.)

Clara.

You must pay the Dowager a visit of condolence; no one keeps a better house. She lives at her country-seat with her two children, for whom she has just procured

a new tutor, a young French abbé, who narrowly escaped the guillotine.

De Grey.

And my uncle the Govornor?

Clara.

Is still in the West Indies.

De Grey.

And his lady?

Clara.

Poor woman! she is dead of a broken heart. No one could account for her husband's leaving her for a place so far from home. Ambition was so foreign to his character. She was never seen to smile after his departure. The lustre of her eye faded. There was a languor in her look. She was not longer the same tender, affectionate woman. She felt not more the pains and pleasures of all around her. Though the habit of doing good had never quitted her, it was only a habit. Her charity was mechanical. When she appeared, the children in her village called her mother. The blessings of the poor

followed her. She had spread a smile on every countenance, and she retired to hide her tears. How could your uncle abandon such a woman? But all husbands are alike! I felt a kind of sympathy for her. I attended her in her last illness. She was frequently light-headed; but, my dear Walter, what astonished all her friends, in her delirium she never mentioned your uncles's name; but did nothing but talk of you.

The public could only judge by appearances; but De Grey secretly acquitted his uncle; and he sighed at having caused the death of an amiable woman. He had loved her, though the respect that he owed to his uncle would not allow him to confess it to himself. "O the prejudices of Europe," thought he, "where one human being cannot love another, without dishonoring a third! When shall I be at Calicut again!"

Firnos was in raptures at the natural and acquired qualities of his landlady.

"What a ravishing mien," said he to De Grey, when they had retired; "it is the mirror of a soul, where every virtue blossoms. What harmony in the sound of her voice! What attraction, what affability and dignity blended in her manner! There is something flattering in her address, which must make all hearts her own."

"True," answered De Grey; "but the vivacity, which once sparkled in her eye, which made her the life and soul of every society, where is it fled? where is the natural sweetness of her unaffected smile? No, something preys on her spirits. There is a trouble, a melancholy in her air, in her look, in her very gaiety, that though possessing every personal charm, a distinguished rank, the esteem of her friends, and the treasures of this world, still I fear she is unhappy."

Firnos joined in his praises, but hoped his fears were ill-founded: for Firnos was in love.

The next day, while De grey was writing to his brother, Clara proposed to the Prince a walk in the pleasure-ground. What a desirable opportunity for a lover! and yet the word love never passed his lips. He resolved to forego the rights of nature, and whatever it might cost him, to respect the ideas of the nation. He follows her over the lawn, whose dark green contrasts with the whiteness of the gothic mansion. Now she leads him to a neighboring hill, whence the eye having strayed over whole counties, has no other limit than the ocean and the air. What a chain of woods and mountains! What vallies covered with herds! how the flocks whiten the hills. There a majestic river pours its serpentine course along the plain, winds itself around the fairy islands, and loses itself amid the distant forest. Now a deer springs from the thick shade, stands still, examines the wandering pair, and seems conscious of the protection that it enjoys. Each beauty follows, as if jea-

lous of its predecessor. Every step offers a new view; Clara points out every object, and Firnos has a double taste for the beauties of nature.

Meanwhile a shower of rain descended, but unfortunately a stile crossed their way. Clara stopped, that the Prince might pass the first. The Prince, ignorant of her intention, stopped also. Clara, though wet to the skin, was silent. The Prince stared. At last she desires him to precede: he, mistaking her motive for a compliment to his imperial birth, refuses: she insists. He begs her to lay aside all etiquette: her temper grows ruffled: he vows and persists in his refusal; when De Grey joins them, and explains the motive of her behavior. It was not ceremony, but modesty. Firnos was too polite to laugh; perhaps in enamoured eyes the beloved object can never be ridiculous. But De Grey, being no lover, winked to his fellow traveller. "This anecdote," said he, "we will relate to the young

Countess of Raldabar, the next time we see her swimming over a river."

The consequences of this incident were serious. Firnos, who in vain had combatted a passion perpetually fanned by the discovery of some new perfection in Clara, was desperate, when a slight cold, neglected at first, brought on a fever, and the physicians pronounced her dangerously ill. He would have darted into her room, have bathed her feverish hands with his tears, have implored her pardon for his involuntary fault; but the maxims of decency, which had rendered him culpable, nearly drove him to madness, when he was stopped at the door. No stranger might enter the bedchamber of an Englishwoman. He cursed the chimeras of England. The friendship of De Grey could scarcely pacify him; nothing could console him.

"Behold," cried he, "a fellow-creature suffering in the next room, and ye, the professors of a religion of benevolence, forbid me to watch at her pillow, to contri-

bute to her re-establishment, to witness her recovery. O good Heaven, perhaps your false kindness would conceal from me the mischief that I have caused. Should she die, my peace of mind is gone for ever!"

He buried himself in the most melancholy walks in the garden, but found himself fifty times a day at the door of her apartment. De Grey was called every half hour from her bed side, to flatter him that she was better, or assure him that she was not worse.

She was at last well enough to receive him in her dressing-room. What pleasure he felt at the invitation! How friendly was his reception! The faithful Abigail had reported to her mistress the anxiety and concern that he had shown for her; how different from the behavior of her absent husband, who, when summoned by an express to return to his sick wife, had written to welcome his brother on his return, and but slightly mentioned her in

his letter. Neither the neglect of the one nor the attentions of the other were without effect. A revolution imperceptibly took place in her heart. Her husband retreats; Firnos enters the citadel, steals in as a spy. Clara, beware of the mask of friendship; reason has not planted the tree of liberty there, but gratitude has disposed it to revolt. Are the tricks of love so strange to thee, that thou knowest them not?

Firnos never quitted Clara's sofa. Hours together he sat with his eyes fixed on her at her work. He imagined every thing to divert her; he gave her at stated hours her medicine, and if he had caused her malady, he certainly accelerated her cure. But while he was rising in her good opinion he was falling in his own. He accused himself, it is true, rather of weakness than of wickedness. He had not the strength to maintain a line of conduct which his generosity rather than his morality had pointed out to him. The creed

of a Nair permitted him to love any woman; but though he considered it rather a caprice than a duty, he had resolved to respect the opinions of England.

Chance was perpetually mocking his resolutions. Clara seemed to take a pleasure in his company, and the kind manner with which she received his attentions invited him to redouble them. Once she desired him to remove the pillow from under her head. A pin forgot its office, and betrayed a bosom whiter than snow. An emotion escaped him: she had not the heart to frown; but he saw both his weakness and his danger.

Determined to avoid temptation, he desired De Grey to fix a day for their departure for London, when Edmund arrived. Each brother flew into the arms of the other. "My dear Walter;" "My dear Edmund:" How many inquiries in the same breath. No account of Emma? A gloom spread over their countenances. Edmund welcomed Firnos. "Now," said

he, " I must look after my wife." How indifferent to her husband were those kisses of Clara, which would have transported her lover among the gods.

" My new friend," said Edmund, the first time he found Firnos alone, " I will be burnt if you are not in love. You sigh so piteously; you look so dolefully. Courage, my hearty. Play not the hypocrite with me; no, no, make no excuses or denials. Once, and only once in my life I lost my appetite, and then I was in love. You have lost your appetite; *ergo*, you are in love. And when I see a lady cast a sheep's eye upon an able-bodied young man, and then grow as red as a turkey-cock, or as a rose-bud, or the fingers of the morn; for lovers are delicate in comparisons; must I not conclude that she is in love too?"

Firnos, (interrupting him.)

I hope, sir, you suspect not the honor and virtue of a lady.

Edmund.

Of a lady? without doubt: what should I rather suspect?

Firnos.

But of her amiable qualities, of her superior soul, of her bodily perfection?

Edmund.

To own the truth, I have very little knowledge in souls; but she has as perfect a body as I ever wish to see. I might have loved her myself, had she been any man's wife but my own.

Firnos.

Well then, you will neither be offended nor surprised that your wife has made an impression on my heart. But in order not to throw confusion into a family, for which I have so much friendship, I intend to depart for London to-morrow.

Edmund.

My brother has been telling me that your countrymen are a tight set of fellows. 'Tis true a lad of your age and make may amuse himself very decently in London;

but I will not let you off yet; I have a job for you. But first of all, I will allow you to yawn now and then, while I relate to you my history.

"My brother thought fit to shove the weight of matrimony upon my shoulders, though it is a drudgery from which we younger brothers are usually dispensed. Perhaps he peeped too often behind the curtains to suffer himself to be caught. "Brother," said he, "if you will marry a wife, we will change fortunes." "Brother," said I, "for your fortune I would marry half a dozen wives, and to show you that I am earnest, I have already fixed on one." "Softly," said he; "since I offer you such a good bargain, you must not quarrel about a trifle: you must let me choose for you." Now you must know, my sage brother was determined that I should marry one woman, because I was in love with another. Kitty Bligh was the greatest toast about Dean's yard: it was the amusement of the Westminster

boys, at church, to try to stare her out of countenance; and how happy was I in taking my Sunday's dinner at the widow Bligh's. I overturned the daughter once in a whisky *; she flew in the air like a pancake, and shewed so many beauties, that I have loved her ever since. Kitty was no squeamish prude, yet I never could bring her to the point. My mother saw that I still frequented the house, after I had left school, and was afraid that the old widow had singled me out for Kitty's husband. "Fie, my son," said she, "the De Greys and Dymocks would turn round in their coffins at an alliance with the Blighs.

> Preserve the generous current of thy blood,
> Nor mix with puddle the pellucid flood."

"Clara Neville, an heiress, was proposed to me by my brother. I married her; her estate touched our own, and formed a charming domain for a pack of hounds.

* Memoires de Grammont, vol. ii. chap. 5.

"The next time I visited Kitty, I was received so very cooly, that I went not near her till last October, when upon coming to town, I received a polite billet from a Mrs. Wilson, wife of my old schoolmaster, requesting a conversation with me. I never knew the Doctor was married; I hastened to the appointment, and Kitty flew into my arms. In an instant we were better friends than ever. She had no farther inducement to be cruel; Dr. Wilson would be a screen to her conduct, and a father to any little Eneas that might play in the hall. The cream of the jest is, he was my schoolmaster. I never relished any thing so much in my life."

Firnos had already conceived a contempt for Edmund, who could prefer so unworthy a rival to the elegant and accomplished Clara; but when he heard him declare that his pleasure consisted in disturbing the repose of a man, who, however unfit to please the buxom Kitty, had every claim on his pupil's gratitude and

respect, he suspected that his heart was as corrupt as his taste. A native of Malabar could never conceive it the duty of a lover to renounce any pursuit in consideration of a husband; but to delight in his pangs, and to triumph in his dishonor, appeared to him an infernal sentiment. Firnos, however, was unjust in his opinion. Edmund was no devil incarnate, but a European. Few men of fashion would have acted otherwise. The Prince suppressed his emotions, the other continued.

Edmund.

"All last winter the school-bell, which called the pedant to his desk, gave me the signal that the coast was clear; and since our family returned to the country for the summer, I have been constantly posting up and down. Last month I arrived in town to see Kitty, who had lately presented to her husband a son and heir; but the good-natured man, proud of his paternity, was grown so doatingly fond, that he never quitted her, and day after

day I was disappointed of an interview. At last she wrote me that the Doctor would be absent the next day at the anniversary dinner, in honor of the founder of the school, and that I should meet her in the gardens, and return with her in my phaeton. Her beauty was either improved by her lying in, or by my impatience. My horses never flew so quick, and yet never appeared to me so slow. A casuist might moralize, a philosopher might reason; but I can only give dame Fortune a hearty curse for the scurvy trick that she played us: for who should have returned, during Kitty's absence, but the learned Doctor Wilson.

"His enthusiasm for Alma Mater had made the learned pedagog mistake port and sherry for the juice of the Falernian grape. He was soon half seas over; and as their classical toastmaster observed, in a worse pickle than if he had swum across the Hellespont. One of his colleagues had carried him home to snore away the

fumes of his debauch, and he had just recovered his senses.

"At length, my dear Kitty," said I, "we are safe from all alarms!" Scarce had I spoken, when a huge greek lexicon was aimed at my head. It might have sent me to the banks of the Styx, had it not fallen like the weapon of old King Priam, harmless to the ground. I turned and saw the venerable champion advancing. "I will teach you, you brat," cried he, and brandished his gouty crutch.

"I laughed, and Kitty laughed, and who the devil would not have laughed? His cauliflower wig had rolled off, and the sacerdotal color of his waistcoat was stained with rosy wine. When rendered outrageous by our merriment, he was proceeding to administer some wholesome correction to my fair accomplice: Kitty ran down stairs, and I followed her. But this has ceased to be a laughing matter, for the Doctor vows he will prosecute me, and be divorced from his wife, who is

not hypocrite enough to appear decently penitent.

"But the worst is, my wife is as proud as Proserpine. Should I be prosecuted for adultery with another woman, she will never bear such an affront to her own person; and though without hopes of a divorce, will demand a separate maintenance; and I, without the prospect of regaining my liberty, will be obliged to refund her fortune, for which I married her. It is true, Firnos, our acquaintance is short, but yet you will not refuse me a favor. Your attentions to my better half will enable me to recriminate her conduct, and keep her fortune. Believe me, my dear fellow, I would not refuse to oblige you in the same way. You see what an odd set of beings we English are. The first husband you meet exacts a sum of money for ornamenting his brow; the second requests the same distinction as a mark of your benevolence.

Firnos.

The sentiments of your country must differ from ours, as much on honor as on chastity, or you could never venture such a proposal. You know my principles with regard to women. Every man has a right to prefer any woman who is willing to admit him; but I, from a respect for your family, was willing to renounce my natural rights. This sacrifice I would have made to friendship. Then why suppose me such a traitor to love, capable of entering a plot against the object of my affection? Should I drink pleasure in those eyes, which so soon must swim in tears? Should I engender a viper for that bosom, which is lulling me to repose? No, since the success of my hopes may end in her despair, since the triumph of my love would only rivet her marriage chains, I must stifle my hopes, I must banish her image. To-morrow I depart for London!

Firnos hurried into the garden to conceal his chagrin, for it grieved him to the heart to quit Clara, and so soon. He had left Edmund disconcerted at his unexpected refusal. Edmund's honor was punctilious; and though, as a fashionable husband, he would have favored his wife's intrigues, he never would have ventured to have made such a proposal to a European; but as he considered every Asiatic as a half barbarian, who would not understand a broad hint, he conceived that he might declare to him his projects with less circumspection. At the end of one of the most solitary walks he rejoined the Prince, and thus interrupted his meditations:—

Edmund.

Firnos, your departure would distress us; and, play not the hypocrite, would distress you also. You have more wit, and perhaps more honesty than I have; yet I respect your scruples, and come to propose another bargain. I wish the Nair system were introduced in Great

Britain; but as long as marriage exists, every husband, who wishes not to be the jailor of his wife, must consent to be her dupe; as to myself, I will behave with becoming resignation. Should I be divorced from this wife, I might get another ten times worse; for a wife I must have to keep up the illustrious name. But at the same time as I wish to see her content and happy, I hope that your company will reconcile her to a fashionable style of wedlock, where both parties go their own way, and that in your society she will find herself perfectly happy, though my wife; but should she still be resolved on a separation, I promise you most solemnly, that your success shall be no impediment to her wishes; and should she accuse my infidelity, I will never recriminate her conduct.

Firnos.

And you will promise this?

Edmund.

On the honor of a gentleman—here is my hand.

Firnos could not contain his raptures; he had secured the woman that he loved, from the bad consequences of an amour; he had her husband's authority to pay her his addresses. The dinner bell rang, he was placed next to Clara; he was all gaiety; the whole company noticed his good humor.

He is now her assiduous admirer; already the whole house talks of them; she alone will not remark his particular attentions; how he flies to hand her her cloak; how patiently he waits to offer her his arm; he studies Lord Chesterfield and Richardson; he sacrifices to the graces; and as Achilles was to Alexander, Lovelace is to Firnos the model of perfection.

How often has he catched her eyes fixed tenderly on him, and they both blushed, and looked equally confused; but he has received no proof of her love; the last time he ventured to declare his passion, a silent tear stole down her cheek, she sighed and answered not; another

lover would have construed this favorably, but Firnos was a pupil of nature, nor bred in a school of gallantry. His countrywomen, unacquainted with art, freely confess the sentiments of their souls.

The very confusion of a lover's declaration has an eloquence which touches the heart; it is so flattering, so soothing. Clara felt its force, and his absence or total silence, when in mixed company, required in her opinion no excuse. Ah! Clara, his success would cease to be uncertain, couldst thou hear him when alone, with what facility he rehearses those speeches, which in thy presence he can only stammer like a child. Knewest thou how he endeavors to recollect every thought, every sentiment, which thou hast uttered; how the merest trifle, if it have the most distant relation to thee, grows important to him; how every ribbon, the color of thy gown, every flower of thy nosegay, and the manner it is fastened, remain im-

pressed on his memory. How every walk that thou hast chosen with him, is the theatre of his meditations; how he sits down to dream of thee on every bench that he has shared with thee. Here he pressed thy hand, and thou affectionately returned the pressure: here thou positively refused his suit; but thy looks, at variance with thy words, rather filled him with hopes than with despair. He now discovers in them some hidden sense which had escaped him before; he now condemns his bashfulness, when he should have attempted every extreme; or accuses himself for having advanced beyond the bounds of discretion, when he should have remained within the pale of a distant politeness. He knits his brow; he walks up and down; he talks to himself; he is planning a new speech. Alas, poor Firnos!

He might long have accused Clara's insensibility, had not an incident favored his desires. She perceived her affection

for her husband decreasing, and trembled at the discovery. Whenever Firnos's image rose in her thoughts, she did penance for the involuntary crime, by redoubling her attentions to Edmund. She sought by her patience to produce his reformation, and by deserving his love, to render him more worthy of hers. Alas! her tenderness produced a contrary effect; he had been always indifferent; he now grew downright rude.

Clara determined to expostulate with him, but he gave her no opportunity of finding him alone. She entered his apartment; he was out; but she could scarcely support herself; she nearly fainted on finding a caricature on the table. Edmund was there represented in a tête-à-tête with Kitty, while the pedagog, whom the malicious artist had decorated with a pair of horns, and armed with his rod of office, appeared like the black angel to drive them out of paradise. In the back ground she distinguished herself moping and me-

lancholy; she was dressed in yellow, the color of jealousy, and was tethered to a milestone in the neighborhood of two country seats, which were united by a huge wedding-ring.

Clara had scarcely force enough to totter out of the room. Firnos met her in the gallery, perceived her flurry, and supported her to her apartment, into which he ventured to follow her.

She burst into a flood of tears, and related, as well as her sobs and sighs would permit her, this new affront. "Ungrateful sex," cried she, "if poor, we are the victims of your desires; if rich, the dupes of your avarice. Neglected, deceived, and rendered the laughing-stock of the public, the only advantage I derive from the man I loved, is a declared aversion to you all; his baseness shall henceforward preserve me from every weakness."

Whatever argument the Prince might have employed to reconcile her to her situation, and how happy the wife whose

husband's misconduct renders her the mistress of her own actions! this interview seemed the epoch of an entire revolution.

A new spirit seemed to inhabit the old mansion of the De Greys. When the company met, pleasure warmed each bosom, cheerfulness enlivened the countenance of every guest: Edmund treated his wife with politeness, and soon with kindness; and as he saw that she had renounced every claim to his love, they grew the best friends imaginable. But how satisfied was Firnos, the author of their harmony. He is the hero of every party of pleasure; the cement of every society; the soul of every conversation. What flowers of imagination in all he says; how brilliant all his thoughts. Even Clara now and then ventures a lively sally, and seems surprised at herself; an agreeable idea draws on her the eyes of the company; their approbation encourages her, and Edmund thinks to himself, Is this my wife?

But these halcyon days could not last for

ever. The imperial Prince of Indostan had not left his maternal land to attend Clara to the county assembly, or to give breakfasts to the ladies of Hampshire. De Grey's attorney informed him, that the Major's family had agreed to give over the prosecution, and that he might venture to show himself in London; but that all his inquiries and advertisements after the Indian Princess had been fruitless. De Grey, to whose care Firnos had been trusted, and who had promised the Samorin to be the guide of his youth, despaired of persuading a man so enamoured to quit the object of his affection, and was mustering all the arguments he could command; when, to his great surprise, Firnos agreed to accompany him the next day to London. "How happy should I be," said he, "to live my life away with a woman of so many good qualities. Yes, Clara, with you to live, to die with you, were the summit of my wishes; it were felicity itself: but my destiny opposes; my duty re-

proaches my delay. Suspect me neither of indifference, nor of inconstancy, if I listen to its voice. Farewell, Clara, your merits interest me as much as ever; yet could I fear that my passion for you had in the least retarded my mother's discovery, I should never forgive myself. Farewell, Clara, I neither ask nor wish fidelity from you; be happy yourself in making another happy; nor will I promise you any fidelity, for I always keep my promises; but I will cherish your memory, and your successor in my affections shall not disgrace you; she shall be worthy of your lover, of your beloved." Thus spoke the descendant of Semiramis, and turned his head aside to conceal a tear.

How afflicted was Clara, when he explained the necessity of his departure, yet she was too reasonable to wish to detain him. They were mingling their parting tears, when De Grey tore them asunder, and hurried him into the carriage. Edmund accompanied them, for the next

day he was to be tried at Westminster Hall.

De Grey having many friends to see in London, after so long an absence, Edmund took Firnos to a masquerade, given by a woman of fashion. It was a new thing to the Prince: masquerades, the children of the carnaval, the saturnalia of the women of Europe, who then enjoy a temporary freedom, would be considered dull and superfluous at Calicut, where women need no masks to be free. Firnos could not have had a better cicerone, for Edmund had a general acquaintance, and was well versed in the scandalous chronicle of the day; of every mask he had some biting anecdote to relate; true or false it mattered not: and these same anecdotes, which at Calicut would have annoyed his young friend, delighted him at London, for he was happy in so many examples, that custom and education had not entirely depressed the female spirit.

Now Edmund pointed to some wife,

who had stolen from the side of a snoring husband, to meet a lover more worthy of her youth and beauty. "Mark her anxiety; how she examines every domino. Poor woman! I fear she is disappointed; her lover has forgot the engagement, and such an opportunity may not occur a long time; masquerades are but seldom given. O, no, he comes, the black domino; see the rose-colored ribbon round his arm; the champion wears the scarf of his dame; she taps him with her fan; she turns, he follows her; a good journey to them!"

Not long after a female mask brushed by them; another followed, intreating her in the warmest manner to grant him an interview. "Let us keep them in sight," said Edmund, "they will show us some sport!" He continued his persecutions, she her refusal. "Go," cried she, "you have a wife." "Yes," answered he; "but one who is a mere foil to your perfection; who serves only to augment my taste for your conversation. How awkward, how

clumsy her person! what symmetry, what grace in yours! what expression in that eye! Off with that malicious mask, and I swear by your chains, which the power of love has forged for me, by this pretty little ivory hand, which I could devour with kisses; that if the loveliness of your countenance equal the charms of your figure, I shall die at your feet, those feet which my wife were unworthy to tie." The lady unmasked—it was his wife.

The husband seemed abashed, and changed color; but soon recovered, forced a laugh, and passed it off as a joke. "Such," cried Edmund, "is the privilege of the lord and master in this land of liberty: had the poor wife been catched in a like infidelity, she never would have heard the last word of it. She might have been sent packing to her friends, or turned loose upon the public."

Firnos.

But what a multitude of masks! the hall grows fuller and fuller; the heat is

intolerable, a mask must be suffocating. How can the delicate women of this country support it; will they not soon unmask?

Edmund.

Some few of them may, but many would not for the world. It would be considered a compliment to the lady of the house, which would authorise her to visit them.

Firnos.

Is she not a gentlewoman? would they not be happy to return her civilities?

Edmund.

Few peeresses of the realm are so well born; but though these masks are willing enough to eat, drink, and amuse themselves at her expence, many of them would shut their doors against her: she is suspected of gallantry.

Firnos.

Poh, nonsense! of what will you persuade me next? But who comes here? A fine figure, by the powers of love! the

habit of a vestal, but the air of a flower-girl. See what quickness of repartee. She has silenced that young spark.

Edmund.

I know the voice—I protest it is Kitty Bligh. If I mistake not, she has paid a visit to the sideboard. A glass or two of champagne make her irresistible. Adieu, Firnos! you must shift for yourself.

Firnos, being left alone, walked toward the dancers; but he found not the delightful valses of his own country. The English dances are graceful, but cold and uninviting. The two sexes scarcely touch a hand in passing, but the valse of Calicut unites two lovers. Each wrapt up in the other, they seem independent of the whole world; the lover's arm circles the waist of his beloved; her hand reposes with confidence on his shoulder.

"A female of a majestic figure approached, and, is it no illusion? in the Nair dress; and her air, her size, her habit, which was that of an imperial Princess,

assured the Prince that it was his mother. He could not contain his feelings; he trembled; he fell on his knees; he catched her hand. "O, my dear mother!" cried he, and fainted at her feet.

When he opened his eyes, he found the lady employed in his recovery; she had unmasked; he saw the features of his mother (which indeed he could only remember from her portrait in the gallery of Virnapor.) She inquired after his health. "My mother, my dear mother!" said he, "have I at last found you. Have you renounced your family, your country? How many tears have flowed for your loss! the whole empire is interested about you; whole provinces put up vows for your return. Your brother, your mother is inconsolable at your absence. I, your dutiful son, have crossed the ocean to search for you, my mother, my dear mother."

The lady, who had attributed his indisposition to the heat of the room, now

found herself the object of general attention. "What language is he talking?" said she, and was happy to step away among the crowd.

Firnos sought her, in vain, through the whole saloon. He inquired of the masks who, either from curiosity or compassion, stuck close to him; but no one knew her. "O, she is my mother," cried he. "Your mother," said they, "your mother! She would not thank you for the compliment; she at most may be in her seventeenth year." At last, when they saw him quiet, they dropt off; and he having waited till the hall was empty, and the day peeped in at the skylight, returned in the greatest flurry to Edmund de Grey's. De Grey could scarcely credit his account.

Firnos.

But the same eyes; the same aqueline nose; the same auburn hair, size, figure, every thing as when she sat for her portrait.

De Grey.

But, my dear Firnos, recollect that your mother is no girl of seventeen; that her portrait at Virnapor was drawn twenty years ago.

Firnos.

No, no, it is she. She has preserved her beauty. All the company were deceived by her freshness, and mistook her age. It is she, but she has renounced her family, and disowns her son. O, my mother! has this country corrupted a heart like thine?

De Grey was staggered by his account. He promised to consider the matter; but first he must attend his brother to Westminster-Hall; and fearing to leave Firnos in his present disposition, alone, they prevailed upon him to accompany them.

Edmund had engaged an ingenious advocate, who exhausted all his eloquence in his favor. "The wife," said he, "who gives her husband a spurious race to maintain, only robs him of his property; but

the husband who restrains his wife, robs her of her personal liberty; and is not liberty more valuable than property? Is it not more generous to be a dupe than a tyrant?" But these arguments appeared sophistry to the twelve grave jurymen, and poor Edmund was fined ten thousand pounds. He was going to quit the court, thinking that his name and consequence would procure him credit, when he was stopped and ordered to remain in custody till the fine was paid. Firnos saw his embarrassment; pulled a ring from his finger (such a ring as only an imperial Prince of Indostan could possess) and offered it as a security. A Jew, who happened to be in court, declared that the King of Great Britain had not a more precious jewel in the crown of his three kingdoms. The judge on the bench desired to see it. "Young gentleman," said he, "will you bail the defendant. Who are you who possess such a treasure? Are you a freeman?"

Firnos.

Not only a freeman, my lord, but the son of a free woman, though no Englishman; and the more I see of this country, the less desirous I am of becoming one. With what admiration the neighboring nations may speak of British liberty, I have found here one half of the human species, I mean your females, the private property of the other. Born slaves in almost every part of the world, they may consider themselves too happy if permitted to choose their jailors; but under the more despotic governments of Russia, Prussia, and Venice, though prisoners, they are not in irons. They have the liberty of a tether. The female subject may dispose of her own person, and surrender her own charms to the object of her affections. It is in Great Britain only that the husband pockets the wages of his wife's pleasures, and with as little delicacy enforces the rigor of the law against the intruder into her bed-chamber, as he would

prosecute a housebreaker, the trespasser into his garden, or the poacher on his manor. In this country I have seen women so enslaved, that no farther indignity could be offered to them; nor, if ye should mark them as ye mark your sheep, would it surprise me. Your wives are less free than the female slaves in your colonies; the negress, having finished her day's work, is permitted to rest in whose ever arms she thinks proper.

But I am haranguing the deaf, for your chimeras are so deeply rooted, that ye even envy the savages of Otaheite their natural rights, those rights which your absolute despots durst not enjoy. Even your eighth Henry was as much an object of pity as of abhorrence; and some future tyrant of the South-sea, some faith-defender there, whose caprice may be law, and whose frown may fill the stoutest heart with dismay, may in future become the slave of that superstition which ye would introduce among them, may find a greater im-

punity in murder than in inconstancy, and be obliged to wade to the nuptial bed with some new object of his desires, through the blood of her predecessor. The blood of their Anna Boleyn's, brought to the scaffold, come upon your nation! and even a declared enemy of despotism might prefer the neighborhood of the bastile to that of Doctor's Commons."

The Judge was surprised at a speech so derogatory to the dignity of the court; but as he considered him an unenlightened Pagan, he suffered the young orator to depart unmolested. "Pity that he is not in parliament," said a female voice. In order to escape the applauses of the mob, De Grey prefered the first hackney coach to his own carriage.

The Prince sat silent at his side; his thoughts engrossed by the last night's adventure, when something shining in the rug of the carriage catched his eye. He could not contain his ecstacy; it was his mother's portrait. His heart was ready

to burst his breast; he rose, he sat again; he had no utterance; he grasped De Grey's hand; tears of joy were in his eye. "My mother! my mother!" said he. De Grey examined the portrait. "It is the Princess Agalva's portrait!" "Yes," answered Firnos, "the same she wore last night; that gold chain hung round her neck." "It is her likeness," answered De Grey; "but the Princess would scarcely wear her own portrait."

De Grey stopped the coachman. "Hah, sure enough," said he, "that is the outlandish madam I drove this morning to Bedlam." "Fellow," cried De Grey, seizing his collar; "no impertinence." "Nay, your honor, as I hope to be saved, it is true. A gentleman's carriage broke down in the street, madam stepped into mine, and ordered me to drive to Bedlam. For my part I was not fond of the job; I drive no Bedlam stage, thought I; but she behaved quiet enough. I suppose she ran mad from a proud heart, for

she was dressed like a Princess in the play-house, and paid me a double fare, which is a clear proof that she was mad; for people in their senses squabble about every farthing."

The word mad was a thunderbolt to the Prince; the possibility of his mother being deranged occurred to him. "This alone," said he with a sigh, "would explain her conduct last night." At length the coachman, impatient at the delay, asked him whither he should drive. "Let us hope the best," said he, and ordered him to drive to Bedlam.

They inquired, in vain, after an Indian Princess; De Grey showed the portrait to the keeper. "No," cried he, "that is young Miss Montgomery. A gentleman is confined here, who imagines himself from a country many thousand leagues off; and because marriage here has caused his ruin, he relates that there are no marriages there. O, when he is in a merry pin, he is wonderfully entertaining, and tells such

a number of fine stories of a place that he calls Calicut, that my wife and daughters can listen to him for hours together. This young lady came once to see him, he fell upon his knees, and swore she was a Princess; and she, to humor him, often visits him in a masquerade dress. She is with him now."

As the two friends were conducted to his cell, they heard a loud cry for help. They flew forward, and found a maniac violently detaining by the waist a female in the Nair dress. Every mark of madness was in his countenance; his hair in bristles; his eyes rolling; he gnashed his teeth, and his clothes, as well as hers, were rent in the struggle. Frenzy lent him a double force. "Help! help!" cried she, "he is worse to-day than ever." At the sight of the keeper the maniac let go his prize.

"No," said he, "thy unfeeling barbarity merits no better usage; I left my country, my family, my mother, to follow

thee; and thou wilt desert me in a land like this."

His hands fell motionless at his side; his knees trembled; he ran the length of his chain, then rolled on the ground, and hid his face in the straw; his sobs were heard—"The Princess will leave me in this land of barbarians."

The lady addressed the keeper, "I borrowed of him, yesterday, his favorite portrait, to wear at a masquerade; I fear I have lost it. He supposes that I intend to return to Calicut, and even envy him that mark of my ancient favor: to-day he has laid aside his usual respect; and, though he still mistakes me for the Princess, he has been violent and outrageous even to me."

She turned and started. She saw at her feet the same young man, whose behavior had so astonished her at the masquerade, and with the portrait and chain round his neck. "Heavens!" cried she, "what see I?" "Your son," said Firnos,

bathing her hand with tears. "O, my mother! my dear mother!" "Strange!" said she, lost in wonder.

"Young lady," said De Grey, "whoever you are, though I see by your youth that you are not the Princess herself, you probably are not ignorant of her destiny. Behold the Prince of Indostan, who has arrived in England to inquire after his long lost mother; and he also has been deceived by your great resemblance to her." "What!" answered she, "the son of Agalva, whom I never saw, but of whom I have heard so much, that I love her from my heart. Welcome to England."

Firnos.

Where is my mother?

Camilla.

Your mother! Is she not returned to Calicut? Sixteen years are passed since she left England.

Few questions confirmed the sad probability, that his unhappy mother had been lost at sea on her passage home.

The grief of the Prince was silent and motionless, and at last dissolved in a flood of tears. Camilla and De Grey took each affectionately a hand; they could only condole with him; they had no comfort to offer him: "And who," asked the Prince, "is this stranger, so interested about her fate?"

Camilla.

It is the Baron of Naldor, your countryman, whom at her departure she left in England.

Firnos.

O, how often have I heard his mother lament his absence: poor woman! it has almost broke her heart.

The Prince flung himself down, and embraced him as he lay in the straw; but the maniac, with a senseless stare, seemed neither surprised at his caresses, nor affected by his tears. When the portrait catched his eye, he tore it from his neck, and grew perfectly calm.

It was time to quit this house of mi-

sery. "I came here," said Camilla, "in a hackney coach. A chaise and four overset my carriage at the corner of a street; whom should I see in it but a young girl of my acquaintance; a giddy heiress of fifteen, whom a worthless fortunehunter is carrying off to Gretna Green. I regret not the damage that my carriage has received: perhaps the delay (for her chaise came down too) has saved her from ruin. But probably my carriage is repaired, and waiting below; will you permit me to carry you home with me, and introduce you to my mother? she was the friend and admirer of the Princess, and can possibly give you more information about her."

In their way thither, Camilla related the Baron's misfortunes. After Agalva's departure, he had become acquainted with a woman of abandoned character, who persuaded him to make with her the tour of the island. At an inn at Edinburgh, she having contrived that he should call her wife before witnesses, her creditors, who were

her accomplices in the plot, immediately arrested him for her debts, which showered upon him; when she, glorying in the success of her stratagem, fled with a new favorite, and left him to languish in a prison. How cruel a situation to any one, but to a Nair, insupportable! He had entered a covenant, which was an abomination to the religion of his foremothers; and she, who had betrayed him into this involuntary apostacy, reproached him with his credulity, and mocked his despair. He must renounce all hopes of returning to his maternal house; of comforting his ancient mother; of protecting his sisters, and of treading the same path of honor which his foreuncles, as statesmen and warriors, had for centuries pursued. His misfortunes turned his brain. He was removed from the prison to a madhouse. At times he gave a description of his country, which was so singular, it puzzled all the medical people; and the Scotch Doctor, being appointed Director of Bedlam, was

still desirous of observing so curious a patient; so that Naldor changed the hospital of Edinburgh for his present confinement.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Baron had been missed by his friends in London, who for some years were ignorant of his fate. At last, a few months before Firnos's arrival in England, Camilla had accompanied her mother and elder sister to see Bedlam, where they found him. He mistook her for Agalva, since which time she had often visited him in a suit of clothes, which the Princess had left in England, and though in a raving fit, he usually became composed at her appearance in the Nair dress.

But now they stopped at a handsome house, in one of the first squares in London. Camilla showed her guests into the drawing-room, and went to acquaint her mother. Mrs. Montgomery soon appeared, and embraced Firnos with the affection of a mother. "Welcome, Fir-

nos," said she, "see how well I remember your name; how often have I heard your dear mother repeat it. With what impatience should I have inquired after my friend, my benefactress, my guardian angel; but I hear you are as ignorant of her destiny, as her friends in England, as myself, who for months and years expected her letters, who was touched to the heart at her supposed neglect, who accused her of having forgot a friend, who loved, who honored, who almost idolized her, whom she saved from despair, who owed to her her life, her sentiments, her every thing."

She took the Prince's hand, and mingled her tears with his. Already the most cordial friendship united them.

"Poor Agalva," said Mrs. Montgomery, "dear generous friend, what calamities may not have befallen thee! Art thou still living? let us hope the best; let us hope that the same fortune which yesterday and to-day seems not to have lost

sight of you and Camilla, and has procured my gratitude the satisfaction of your acquaintance, will not abandon your mother. The prudent Princess, perhaps, touched with a presentiment of her fate, at her departure from England, gave her journal to Naldor, and that unhappy man, often rambling from place to place, luckily entrusted it to my care before his journey to Scotland."

Mrs. Montgomery fetched the journal, and the two friends returned to Edmund de Grey's.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Memoirs of Agalva---she arrives in England---disguises herself in man's clothes---inspires Lady Farrindon with a passion---Her amours with Sir Clifford Gayton---Count O'Neil---She reassumes her female dress----Margaret Montgomery and James Forbes, or the Scotch tale---Her connection with Mr. Fitz-Allan, the pupil of Chesterfield---The birth of Osva---Osva stolen from her ---She leaves England, accompanied by Lacy.

BOOK V.

THE Prince shed a tear as he opened the memoirs of his mother.

MEMOIRS OF AGALVA, DAUGHTER OF ROFA, DESCENDANT OF SAMORA.

I HAVE already related how I quitted the Englishman Lacy, and returned to the Baron of Naldor. During the first part of our voyage, the brilliant qualities of this illustrious knight continued to dazzle me. But no one is a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre; and lovers can have too much of each other's company. Conscious of their imperfections, a prudent couple would never meet in dishabille. They should wear their holiday faces, and their best clothes. Let not the boudoir open its doors till the toilette be over.

Let them approach the sanctuary as butterflies, and not as moths. Though they may reciprocally expect every attention and sacrifice in the hour of sickness and distress, they should draw a veil over any little incommodity, nor ennui each other with their ill humors and caprices. I am willing to do justice to the behavior of the Baron, and perhaps at some future period his merit may induce me to return again to him—perhaps not; but a man may in an assembly be admired for his sallies, and be covered with laurels in the field, and yet grow less and less interesting during a long voyage. What a yoke would many a woman in Europe escape, if she could be for some months the shipmate of her admirer before she put herself into his power; but perhaps if a year of grace were allowed to a bride, as well as to a nun, few marriages would take place. The Baron, long before we cast anchor, seemed disposed to make a new choice; for though he never ceased to be polite

and attentive, there was an air of restraint in his attentions; he yawned now and then in our tête-à-têtes, and I foresaw that if, upon my arrival in England, I should treat him as I had treated Lacy, he would support my loss with equal fortitude:—but enough of this—I seem to have catched from these Europeans the folly of attaching some importance to a love affair.

After a favorable voyage, Naldor, Lacy and myself landed at Plymouth. We set off immediately with the Captain for London.

The next day we had delightful weather. I was tired of a post-chaise, I wished to see the country. I asked at an inn for riding-horses. One was brought for me with a side-saddle * on its back. The

* In the island of Lesbos, which may have been peopled by the antient Amazons, the men, who live in the strangest subjection to their wives, ride sideways, and the women astride.—*Lord* CHARLEMONT's *Account of Mityline.*

advantages of this awkward machine were with difficulty explained to me. "What," cried I, "for the satisfaction of not showing my legs, I must run the risk of breaking my neck?" I required a common saddle, but the hostess flew into a passion. "Would the shame-faced hussey ride astraddle?" said she; "no, no, I will be aider and abetter of no such vagaries; she shall not bring our house into disrepute."

On our arrival in London we drove to the Captain's house. The servant, who opened the door, scarcely answered to his master's questions, and there was a whispering and tittering among the others. The Captain hurried up stairs. The sound of a pistol was heard, and a man darted down like lightning and escaped through the street-door. The Captain returned to me in the parlor, grief and rage in his countenance, he had caught a lover with his wife. What a volley of oaths and maledictions! Not a member of her body but was consigned to the shades below.

What indecent epithets! he overset all the furniture that lay in his way; he dashed a looking-glass to pieces; tore his wife's portrait from the wall and trampled it under his feet; and, had I not stopped him, would probably have sacrificed the poor woman herself.

"Is this the return," cried he, "for all my goodness? Have I exposed my health to the sun of Africa? have I traversed the desarts? have I thirsted and toiled, to enable her to live in ease? I never denied her any thing, my purse was open to her, my banker obeyed her orders. Have I not brought her the richest shawl, and a monkey to amuse her, and a cockatoo, of which I took such care?" Here he ran to the cage, and before I could guess his design, twisted the bird's neck.

"Shame on thee," said I, "art thou a man?" He grew quiet, and sat in a thoughtful posture, without uttering a word. It was the moment for convincing him of his injustice.

Agalva.

Are you sure that she has ceased to love you?

Captain.

Love me, indeed—she is pregnant.

Agalva.

Have you been more faithful to your marriage vows than she?

Captain.

But she is a woman; I am a man.

Agalva.

Well then, I will humor you this time, and admit your favorite argument, that ours is the weak sex; is not our weakness then some excuse for a breach of promise? But far from deeming your own infidelity criminal, and endeavoring to palliate it, you have always boasted of the good will of my countrywomen, as if conducive to your glory. Have you forgot the fair damsel of the Samorina's court? and have the candor to confess whose hair is in the love-locket at your breast.

At length reason prevailed, as it always must, when its opponents wilfully shut not their eyes against its rays. He feared the ridicule of his acquaintance. "Rather fear," said I, "to be unjust."

The broken looking-glass and portrait were removed, the bird was consigned to oblivion, the furniture was replaced, and his wife was surprised at a civil invitation when the dinner was on table. How attentive and obliging is the wife, who has any faults to be forgiven. She found the pattern of the shawl so elegant, the tricks of the monkey so amusing; she seemed so entertained at the account of his voyage, that he exclaimed in an excess of fondness, "She may have her weak side, but she is a good woman." In short, a harmony was re-established between them, which is likely to last till his next return from sea.

When Lacy appeared next morning at breakfast, I saw by his manner that he had something on his mind to disclose to

me. "My dear Princess," answered he, "it was in obedience to your orders, that I accompanied you to Europe, but you know my antipathy to England, which my long residence among the Nairs has not diminished. I bear a name inferior to none in the three kingdoms, and the first peers of the realm would once have been proud of my alliance; now they despise me, as illegitimate, as the son of no one. And yesterday, as I passed the house of that upstart wretch, who is trapped out with my dignities, and wallowing in my wealth, (for I could not resist a natural desire of seeing the habitation of my late unfortunate mother) an insolent valet, once in my service, knew me, and I saw or thought I saw on his lips a smile of contempt; my indignation carried me away, and I seized him by the collar, when at that instant the Earl of Hereford appeared, reproached me with my birth, and threatened me for not respecting his livery, the same livery which my own servants once wore. I

knocked down the usurper, and trampled his lordship under foot. Should he discover my abode, I shall be prosecuted for an assault. Such a trial would cover me with shame, and I cannot support my insignificance in a country where I once moved in the first sphere. Could I be of any service to you in England, you cannot doubt of the pleasure it would give me: but the Captain has friends, and a numerous acquaintance, and can procure you an introduction into society better than an unconnected outcast. I will leave you to his care, and employ the time of your stay in England in visiting my friends on the continent. I should soon be sick to death of London. I intend to spend a few weeks at Lyons, with the Vicomtesse, who, you recollect, once saved my life, and afterwards pay my respects to the Landgravine of Rosenberg-Brandenstein in Germany, and, having spent a few days among the merchants' wives at Leipsic, shall return to England, and pro-

bably find you there equally impatient with myself to set sail for Calicut."

The prospect of seeing all his antient flames made Lacy forget that he was no longer Earl of Hereford. In an instant he was all life and spirits, and that very evening he departed for France.

The Captain having represented to me how difficult it would be for a young woman, travelling without father, brother, or husband, to be introduced into good company here, recommended me to pass as Naldor's wife. I revolted at the proposal; there is something in the idea so shocking to a free-born woman; but I have not left my country to wage war with the opinions of England. I resolved to conceal my sex in a suit of Naldor's clothes, and to be presented at court, not as a niece, but as a nephew of the Samorin of Calicut. I was very graciously received; after my presentation I was introduced at Lord Farrindon's, who politely invited me to dinner, and desired

me, during my stay, to consider his house my own.

On being introduced to his lady, that laughter-loving dame measured me from head to foot with an admirable assurance. I almost felt inclined to ask her how she liked me. Dinner was announced, she gave me her hand, and squeezed mine as I led her to the parlor. I sat next to her, and her attentions exceeded the cold respect due to my imperial birth.

There was a mixed company of both sexes, which I was obliged to entertain with a description of Calicut. I was amused with the different effects it produced. "What no marriage! how is that possible?" The misses looked down, and sighed, and looked one at the other. The men winked at their neighbors. "What!" cries a simpering young girl of seventeen, "may a young lady love whom she pleases?" She had gone too far; the male part of the company burst into a loud laugh, she into a flood of tears.

"Hold your tongue, Miss Charlotte," cried her governess, "young ladies must not talk in company; I know better, it is all a fairy-tale." "Pray talk not such indecent stuff," said an old prude, who always contrived to revive the subject when about to expire; "you make me blush." "Blush with a fiddle-stick," cried Lady Farrindon.

In the evening my lady's assembly.

I declined playing, alleging my ignorance of every game. Lady Farrindon insisted that I should learn by overlooking her cards. I escaped from her, and attached myself to the prude, who, I had observed, had a taste for scandal, and though age had driven her from the stage of gallantry, no one seemed better acquainted with the actors. What a fund of anecdote!

"Pity," said she, "that you visited not this country twenty years ago, for things are arrived at such a point, the sooner you leave it the better, though by your account

your own countrywomen are not better than they should be. Would you believe it, there is scarcely an honest woman in this room."

I felt whether my watch and purse were safe, but before many weeks were passed, I learnt the meaning of the word HONEST: I find it signifies chaste, and that virtue and chastity in Europe are synonimous. It is thus that the Europeans give a scrap of paper the value of gold, and probably their pseudo-virtues will render in the end the real virtues as scarce as their bank-notes begin to render their guineas.

It is however certain, that the censorious lady, even in her own sense of the word, had most abominably traduced the company, for notwithstanding her talents for scandal, she could accuse positively only three ladies present. "See," said she, "that lady with the plume of ostrich feathers, how elegantly dressed! she is a spinster of an honorable family with an

annuity scarcely sufficient to pay her chair-hire. Who then pays her milliner's bills? And see there, the young Countess of C** has just borrowed ten guineas of her neighbor. That young spark will call on her to-morrow, and it is well known in how honorable a way she pays her debts of honor."

"But I am surprised," said I, "that the house of Lady Farrindon should be open to people of bad character."

Prude.

"Lady Farrindon indeed! She must be charitable in examining the conduct of her neighbors, for with her charity begins at home. What, you know nothing of Lady Farrindon? an old uncle left her a cabinet of curiosities, and my lord, who fancies himself a great antiquarian, married her on that account. Lord Farrindon, who would find his way about Pekin, though in his distractions he is ever losing himself in the streets of London, and who knows better what is going forward in the

South-Sea islands, than in his own house, is a most desirable husband for a woman of her constitution. Nothing in the common course of nature can please my lord, every thing out of the way charms him. His piebald horses are the admiration of Hyde-Park. You saw the ugly little dwarf that waited on him, though her ladyship had an able-bodied man behind her chair. My lord used to talk so frequently of the Irish giant, that perhaps my lady dreamt of him; however that may be, ill-natured people find a great resemblance between him and that awkward girl her second daughter. I should not be surprised, if her next child were to be born with a monstrous craw like the savage at Exeter 'Change."

Here Lady Farrindon approached, leading her second daughter, "What a fine girl," cried the Prude, raising her voice, "would you believe it, Lady Sophia is but ten years old."

Lady Farrindon was afraid that I was

tired of a rout, "Come," said she, drawing me aside, "let us leave these squabbling old tabbies, they can have no charms for a young fellow like you."

I followed her into her dressing-room.

Lady.

Now we are alone, have the goodness to tell me something of the women of your country. What a delightful life they must lead! So then, a lady may accept as many lovers as should offer? That is charming; I approve the idea, there is a liberality in it that does your country credit. But suppose none should offer, or the one she would prefer to all the rest?

Agalva.

She must declare her passion to him.

Lady.

But would he grant her request?

Agalva.

Perhaps he would—perhaps not.

Lady.

But could he refuse the request of a lady?

Agalva.

Without hesitation. Suppose he were pre-engaged, or that he felt no inclination for her?

Lady.

But what an affront to a woman of quality.

Agalva.

How so? he would thank her in the politest terms for her favorable opinion, and excuse himself.

Lady.

Suppose for instance some fair lady was to make you a proposal, would she have the mortification to find your heart disposed elsewhere?

Agalva.

I can safely affirm that no woman has hitherto made an impression on my heart.

Lady.

The coldness of your manner would almost make me believe you; for instance, what would you say to a woman of my figure and accomplishments?

Agalva.

I would say, that such a woman possesses every quality a lover could desire.

Lady.

But would you say so with so cold an air? (taking my hand.) Proud young man, are you resolved that I should sacrifice to your vanity the prejudices of my sex, that I should make love to you?

Lady Farrindon had expected, with the first spark of love, to fire the touchwood heart of an admirer, but a luckless damsel could only feel, not relieve her pains. The discovery of my sex was necessary, though it would overwhelm her with shame, and expose me to many inconveniences.

I never felt so embarrassed: I have no language for her rage and confusion.

When her fury had abated, I disclosed to her my inducements to conceal my sex, and intreated her not to betray me.

Here Lord Farrindon was heard on the

stairs, coming to bed: she hurried me into the room of her waiting-woman.

Lady.

Jenny, you must let this young spark sleep with you.

Jenny.

Lah! madam, sleep with me, a gentle man sleep with me? your ladyship thinks very strangely of a poor body.

Lady.

O never fear, child, you may sleep very soundly; I'll insure your virtue.

Jenny.

Well then, to please your ladyship.

Jenny, however, having put her mistress to bed, returned; "Young madam, you may go to bed when you please, I shall sleep elsewhere. I am forbid to say what you are. What would the other servants say? I will not lose my good name for sleeping with you. When the porter opens the street-door, I will let you out, so good night, young madam," she said, and banged the door.

I however, without the interposition of sylphs, passed the night more agreeably than I expected. I was meditating on my singular captivity, when a young man started from behind the curtain. "Be not alarmed, fair lady," said he, "I am a prisoner in this house as well as yourself. For some time past I have had the honor of being her ladyship's humble servant; but this day I had the mortification to see the advances that she made to you. When you two stole from the assembly, I followed on tiptoe, and took the liberty to listen to your interview. Her disappointment gave me the greatest satisfaction. I would have returned home, but the street-door was already locked; at length I found this room open."

What a scene of confusion, when Lady Farrindon found me the next morning closeted with a lover, whom she the day before had on my account treated so coldly. She bestowed on us some of those expressive epithets which a woman

of quality could only have learnt from the Irish giant, when he reminded her that her husband was almost within hearing. She sat in a thoughtful posture; shed a flood of tears; and then, without deigning us a look, left the room. The waiting-woman appeared, and with a significant smile to me, let us out of the house.

"What a wretch," cried Sir Clifford Gayton, "is a lover out of place. Fair stranger, I shall sue you in the court of love, and shall lay heavy damages, and your punishment shall be to pass some weeks with me at my country seat."

Sir Clifford had the air of good company, was agreeable rather than handsome, and possessed knowledge of the world rather than book learning: and though his tutor at Oxford used to tell him, that at his approach Bacon never trembled for his brazen head, yet the ladies on the continent never classed him among those who never would have invented gun-

powder. I accepted his invitation. But the curiosity that my Nair dress universally raised, and the unceasing questions to which it subjected me, determined me to assume a European character, but still to conceal my sex. Sir Clifford advised me to pass as an Italian gentleman whom he had known at Florence. We arrived at Clifford house, I as the Marchese Roverbella, Naldor as the Cavaliere Pellerini. It is not my intention in this journal to describe the houses or equipages of Great Britain. We also have palaces and castles, long galleries and stately halls, parks and pleasure-grounds, stables and dog-kennels; and the train of servants, footmen, coachmen, huntsmen, grooms, and postilions, might have astonished any other stranger than a Nair. I shall pass over such objects, to occurrences which really filled me with wonder.

The house was already crowded with our landlord's friends, when his sister and her husband arrived to pay him a visit,

Sir Clifford had not seen his sister for some years; for marriage in this country tears a poor woman from the bosom of her family to follow a man whom she scarcely knows, wherever his will or carpice, henceforward her law, may direct.

Count Roderic O'Neil, who had married Maria Gayton, had entered the Austrian service, no Papist here being permitted to shed his blood for his country. His theological tenets however were by no means steady. During his stay at Clifford he sometimes, to vex the chaplain of his regiment, who travelled with him as his toadeater and buffoon, would call the Pope the scarlet harlot. "Then why," said the Abbé Mac Dermot, "have you left your country for his sake?"—"For his sake: I tell you what, Abbé, I never knew but one honest priest in my life, and he was turned out of the Jesuit's college at St. Omer, and that for his attentions to a *sœur grise*." The Abbé was silent; for in fact it was the Abbé himself; and the Count con-

tinued: "No, I am a Catholic, because the O'Neils were always Catholic, and always will be, and St. Patric was related to a younger branch of my family." At other times, but particularly when half drunk, he was ready to fight the first Protestant who denied the Pope's infallibility.

The last time he was in England his martial air, his fine figure, and showy uniform, gained him the young heart of Maria Gayton. He returned with her to Germany. She really loved her husband, but what man of the world could think of confining himself to his wife? At Prague he frequented the toilets of half the women of quality; and what an acquisition to the first circle was the young Countess O'Neil; all the young beaus were buzzing in her train. Who shall triumph over this new beauty? Her conquest must establish the renown of some rake: all the opera-glasses point at her; what eagerness to dance with her; she will make an epoch in the scandalous chronicle.

The Count's vanity was flattered at the sensation that she made. "The silly creature!" said he, "is she puzzled to choose among these fine fellows? Some of them she may well examine a second time. When she has fixed upon an *attentif*, she will be less troublesome to her husband." With this raillery he usually attacked his wife; when one day, though he seldom read, he took up a book, while his valet was dressing his hair. It happened to be Plutarch's life of Cæsar, who was so whimsically delicate about his wife's reputation, that he required it not only to be clean but bright. "And if the citizen Julius Cæsar required this, what have I a right to require, I, Roderic O'Neil, descended from the kings of Ireland?" He would scarcely suffer his astonished valet to finish: he catches a young gallant at his wife's toilet, picks a quarrel with him, fights him the next day, and runs him through the body. After he had wounded two more of her admirers, the poor Countess could scarcely

find a cavalier bold enough to hand her to her carriage.

Such was Count Roderic O'Neil, a hero of six feet high, who followed his consort into the drawing-room, and rather with the ceremony of an officer on the parade, than with the ease of a courtier, saluted the company. Sir Clifford flew into the arms of his sister, and pressed her in his embrace: the Count bowed and bowed again: Sir Clifford has no attention but for Maria: the Count takes fire, and indignantly paces the room in the majesty of his own soul, like one of the heroes of Ossian in the hall of shells. The whole apartment shakes with his German boots: at length he returns to Sir Clifford, and pronounces with solemnity, "Roderic O'Neil salutes Sir Clifford Gayton."—Sir Clifford welcomes him with all the respect due to his Milesian blood.

Though the Count would scarcely suffer a man to look at his wife, he, before he had been a week at the house, had declared

himself in love with half the women present. When in a good humor he was a most excellent companion, and we hoped at first to have found him an acquisition; but he was too quarrelsome, and the admiration of all he seemed to consider his due. He wished to engross the conversation, was affronted that the company laughed not at his miserable jokes, or when he had really said any thing ludicrous or eccentric, was ready to pull his neighbor's nose for laughing too much. O the poor woman, whose happiness depends on a man of so proud, overbearing, self-sufficient, and variable a temper.

The Countess, coming one day unexpectedly into her brother's chamber, discovered my sex. Though of a character so different to my own, she attached herself to me, and I was surprised to find, in a wife so weak and submissive, a natural and cultivated understanding. In the purity of her heart she forgot that my sex still remained a mystery to the other

guests, and once in company behaved to me with a freedom which inflamed her husband's jealousy: he set the Abbé Mac Dermot to watch us.

One day after dinner the Countess, the only female then at Clifford, had left the men at their bottle. I soon followed her, though my man's dress entitled me to stay. I was heartily tired of the Count's history of the seven years war, of which he made himself the most conspicuous hero. Unluckily my evasion escaped not the Argus eyes of the Abbé.

I found the Countess watering her flowers. I joined her: the heat of the day recommended an arbor of thistle and honeysuckle. The Countess had brought her work-bag with her. She was knitting a purse for her husband. I took out of my pocket a volume of Shakespeare's plays.

Mac Dermot had watched us into the arbor: he returned and whispered his report to the Count; the Count tried to steal

away from table, but there was something in his manner that struck Sir Clifford. Meanwhile the sun in its course had nearly engrossed our arbor; we retreated to the only shady bench, which was so small, that the Countess almost sat in my lap." "Which play are you reading?" 'Othello.' "Are the men in Italy so bloody-minded? Poor Desdemona: God preserve us from a jealous husband."—She started, and fell in my arms covered with blood. The report of a pistol was heard; the smoke of gunpowder entered the arbor, and Count O'Neil rushed toward me with his sword drawn. "Villain," cried he, "defend yourself, or you are a dead man." Without regarding him, I flew to the Countess's assistance.

"Marquis," continued he, "if you desire an honorable treatment, draw, or I will tear your dastardly soul out." The Countess's blood flowed in a purple stream; I leaned down, and stopped it with my handkerchief; when the bar-

barian, unaffected at the sight, put his foot upon my shoulder, and would have trampled me in the dust. I sprang into a posture of defence: I wonder at my escape; he advanced like a madman; I parried all his thrusts. "Assassin," cried Sir Clifford, rushing between us, "is that the second woman whom you are going to murder?"

This scene of horrors I shall never forget. I will keep the effect it produced on me locked up in my soul, nor attempt to describe it in these sheets; but when returned to Calicut, I shall sit surrounded by my children; their infant minds will shudder at a picture of human misery that their maternal country could never afford. How happy they will feel in being Nairs!

The sword dropped from the Count's hand: he stood the thoughtless image of despair, his figure petrified, a wildness in his look, his hair in bristles; but all our attention was directed to the Countess.

She was raised on a bench; this woke him from his torpor. He fell on his knees to the ground bathed in her blood: he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, and with wild imprecations from Heaven on himself, he implored her pardon, of which he owned himself unworthy. She had lost the power of speech, but with a look expressive of her forgiveness, she expired.

The behavior of the Count was that of a madman; her corpse was carried into the house; he followed. He met the Abbé, who was sculking in one of the walks, trembling at the mischief that he had caused. The Count seized him; luckily he had left his sword; he would shake him into pieces; he nearly throttled him; three servants could scarcely separate them.

But his grief was too violent to last long. The corpse was scarcely under ground, when he was as vain and noisy as ever:

he soon after joined his regiment in Germany.

The sorrow of Sir Clifford was of a more quiet, but of a more settled kind: he followed the coffin with a composed countenance to the grave, but he returned with a tear in his eye. A melancholy seemed to prey upon him; he would look at me, and turn aside to conceal his emotion, which increased at my sight. I saw that his justice struggled with his feeling. I was the innocent cause of his sister's fate. I resolved to deliver him from my presence, and return to London: we separated, not without tears; he pressed my hand as he helped me into the chaise. He soon after made a tour to the lakes in Westmoreland, to dissipate his gloomy thoughts.

I had not less need of amusement: the image of the dying Countess was perpetually before my eyes. I was impatient to quit a country, where the indulgence

of the desires of nature can be attended with such tragical consequences.

I arrived at the Captain's, but found that he had removed. A sailor on land is a fish out of water: till he could return to sea, he preferred the neighborhood of the Thames to the more fashionable parts of the town, and had hired a house on the river-side, below London bridge. I hired his old lodgings, and in the evening paid him a visit in his new.

He scarcely knew me in my new costume, and I would have defied the whole court of Calicut, and all my school-fellows at Romoran, to have discovered the daughter of Rofa in the Marchesa Roverbella; for Sir Clifford, to clear the reputation of his sister, had entreated me to acknowledge my sex. I however still concealed my nation, and appeared as a Marchesa instead of a Marchese; and the Baron of Naldor, alias Cavaliere Pellerini, was allowed to style himself my brother, as a woman in Europe is never out of leading-

strings, and I would not submit to a husband even in masquerade. I shall never forget the difficulty that I had to keep my balance in a pair of high-heeled shoes, with a head-dress a pyramid in height, or to manœuvre through a door with a hoop of six feet in breadth, which is the most moderate one that a woman of quality can wear. How many laces broke before my poor shape was confined within a passable pair of stays, which was to reduce it to a fashionable circumference.

The dress of a country ought to be regulated by the climate and seasons; for use will reconcile one to the propriety of any fashion. The savage in a cold climate will cover himself with furs, in a hot one he will go naked, and yet their notions of decency will be the same. A lady in Europe ought in winter to dress herself *à la Russe*, in summer *à la Grecque*; but at present how many hours must she throw away to transform herself into a monster. But perhaps some satirist might fear, that

the fashionables of this country might grow less informed than their predecessors, were they not tempted to read while under the hands of their hairdressers. If at some future period the women of Europe should adopt a costume more favorable to the graces, and less contrary to nature, how the daughters of the belles of this day will be amused by looking at the portraits of their mothers.

It is notorious, that in China the feet of the women are squeezed into shoes so very small, that they cannot walk out of their houses; and perhaps the present fashions in Europe were invented to keep the women within bounds.

When a lady wears two large pockets, weighing from five to six pounds, heels to her shoes four inches in height, a pair of stays of whalebone that presses her like a cuirass; when she wears a hoop six yards round, a head-dress two feet high, a gown of the stiffest materials, a collar or ruff mounted on wire, which restrains

her head so that she can neither turn it to the right nor to the left; an enormous nosegay at her breast, and earrings as large as her hand; thus equipped, is she not as in a citadel, which must keep the most enterprising of the other sex at a respectful distance *? Must she not be afraid of tearing her lace, of discomposing her headdress, of tumbling her gown? Her apron might rise in judgment against her in Westminster-hall. Whereas in our country a woman may do what she pleases; her clothes will tell no tales. When I return home, I shall present a pair of high-heeled shoes, a pair of stays, and a hoop, or perhaps a doll dressed in the English fashion for the Christian year 1775, to the Imperial Society at Calicut.

His change of abode had flattered me that the Captain was ready to sail; but alas! he could not fix his departure. We however spent a pleasant evening. It was

* Madame de Genlis.---Dialogue between a mantua-maker and a hoop-maker.

a fine moonlight night. I accepted the offer of his boat to carry me back to Westminster. What a glorious sight! the forest of masts, the busy fires in the different vessels, and the rows of lamps on each shore! The silver moon played in the watery mirror; meanwhile the current was heard gliding along the sides of the boat; and the silence, so awful yet so agreeable, was only interrupted by the watch-cries of the sailor, or the rolling of carriages in the distant streets. We approached Westminster Bridge. Its elegant structure engrossed all my attention. We were already under the arch, when a bundle fell into my lap. How great was my astonishment; it was a baby. My enormous hoop, which covered the whole width of the boat, broke its fall, and miraculously saved its life.

I immediately hurried on the bridge, in hopes of relieving the anxiety of the unfortunate person whose carelessness, as I imagined, had let it fall. We men-

tioned the circumstance, but in vain. I returned to my lodgings with the infant, which the woman of the house undertook to suckle.

In my dreams that night I saw the poor frantic mother with her hair dishevelled, and a wildness in her look, demanding her darling of every passenger, and dropping her tears into the devouring stream. I awoke: I thought on thee, my Firnos. O that I never had left thee! When am I, escaped from the perils of Europe, doomed to rejoice at thy prattle, or to feast my eyes on thy improvements?

But what a nation is this! All my acquaintances imagine the poor infant the fruit of what they call an illicit amour, and (my hand trembles at the thought) a victim sacrificed to its own mother's reputation. Woe to that land, where, even in the bosom of a mother, prejudice can stifle the voice of nature!

Alas! their conjecture was but too well founded. The desire of employing pro-

fitably the time that I was obliged to remain in England induced me to frequent the courts of justice. A curious trial was one day proceeding at the Old Bailey. It was a dead silence; the fall of a pin might have been heard, when a sudden murmur rose, and a young woman brushed through the crowd. An air of melancholy, which deadened the splendor of her features, rendered them more interesting. Her dress was neat and clean, without being expensive or of the last fashion; but, when she spoke, her language was elegant, and betrayed a superior education. "Good people," said she to some of the bye-standers who would stop her, "you mistake; I am not mad, God grant that I always had been! O that my conscience were as untainted as my intellects! Alas! I cannot plead their loss to deaden the pangs of my remorse.

"My lord," continued she, addressing the judge, "have pity on me. Excuse the irregularity of my accusation; have

patience with me. I am ignorant of the forms of law. But can I demand pity; I, a wretch, who had none with my own offspring; who saw the smiles of my baby; who pressed it to my heart; who kissed it; and then, with less feeling than the tygress in the forest, sacrificed it to a false shame? O what pretension had I to shame! I, a disgrace to my family, an outcast on the world? Know then, last Monday night my distempered thoughts drove me to Westminster Bridge, and I, I her mother, cast my little Jane into the stream below. O I see you shudder! Why had I not the resolution to follow her, to end my wretched existence! No, Heaven preserved me. She is already an angel; she intercedes for her mother. Since that moment I have enjoyed no rest. Sleep is a stranger to these eyes, which have exhausted all their tears. My feverish brain is ready to burst. I have come here to offer myself to justice, to make all the atonement in my power to God and man.

Have mercy on me; execute the rigor of the law, before a state of phrenzy shall lessen the merit of my repentance. I prayed to God to preserve my faculties till I had made this confession, it was the only grace I could presume to ask, and his infinite mercy has granted my prayer."

She was silent, and supported herself against a bench. What a sensation this made in the court, the case of the other criminal was perfectly forgot, the judge and the other lawyers doubted how to act. Some were humanely of opinion, that the law should not take advantage of a criminal's own confession, others considered her deranged, at last it was agreed to detain her in custody till the affair were considered.

I cannot describe how I felt at this moment, I was hurried away by my feelings. I addressed a numerous assembly in a foreign language, and without the least embarrassment. It was a kind of inspiration, I considered myself an instrument in the hands of Providence to save two

fellow-creatures. I recounted the miraculous escape of the infant. The attention of the whole court turned to the mother, the poor woman lay in a swoon. I shall never forget the emotion and compassion of every spectator. They almost reconciled me to the nation.

Meanwhile, an Englishman of quality, who had seen me the night before at a rout, informed the judge that I was an Italian gentlewoman, and Naldor, whom I had dispatched to fetch the child, returned with the Captain, whom he found at my lodgings, and who confirmed my account. The mother soon recovered from her swoon, opened her eyes, and saw the infant; —but I will not attempt the description.

The Englishman and Naldor supported the mother to my carriage. The people took off the horses; and how singular the circumstance, a Princess of Calicut was drawn to her lodgings in triumph by an English mob.

I thanked our conductors for this par-

ticular attention. We were left alone, I asked my new friend after her abode. "Alas, madam, I have none," cried she, "I have neither house nor home, family nor acquaintance, nor have I a friend on earth, if you refuse me your friendship. Be not only humane, be generous. You have saved my soul, perhaps you have; I owe my life to you, but life is a miserable gift without a prospect in the world, without a ray of hope. O turn me not into the street, grant me an asylum. But what ask I?—I am unworthy of your protection; I am infamous; my own family renounce me; what claims have I upon a stranger?" I gave orders to have a room prepared for her.

"Yes," said she, the next morning, "I will satisfy your curiosity, though I risk the loss of your friendship; perhaps you will revoke your promise. It may cost me your protection. That I am no murderer, I am indebted to you; but I have committed a crime, perhaps equal to mur-

der in enormity. My conscience acquits me, for I sinned through ignorance. It was no wilful crime, but my religion is less fallible than my conscience, and God visits the sins of the fathers upon the children of them that hate him.

" Scotland was my country, alas! I have none at present, and my father one of the most considerable lairds in the county. A gentleman of the name of Forbes, was our nearest neighbor, and the two families lived in the greatest intimacy. The children of both grew up together; James, who was a year younger than myself, was my first playfellow in the nursery, and my mother smiled, when he called me his little sister.

" In my twelfth year, I was sent to finish my education at a London boarding-school. " Run, James," cried his father, " give Margaret a parting kiss; who knows but ye may make a match one of these days?" My mother interrupted him, with a frown, " God in heaven forbid."

"After an absence of six years, I returned to Scotland. How satisfied all my friends seemed with my improvements. My mother pressed me to her bosom, her husband with an air of triumph presented me to all the company at the house. A feast was given to celebrate my return; the neighboring gentry were invited, a whole roasted ox was prepared for the poor, and the tenants met to drink the health of their future landlady. O at that time who would have prophecied my present misery!

" James had entered the army. His regiment was quartered at some distance, but he appeared unexpectedly at the fête. He flew into my arms; we were not longer children, but we had no time for reflection, the returning was not less hearty than the parting kiss. We were both altered in six years; he was grown the finest young man I ever saw; and when he looked at me there was a sparkle of joy in his eye, at least I thought so. He placed himself next me at dinner, which he

would have done at supper too, but my mother called me away to the other end of the table.

" The next day I asked my mother, how long James had been in the army. My mother fixed her eyes on me, and questioned me what I thought of him. I answered with enthusiasm; I praised all his good qualities as they deserved; her eyes filled with tears, and she turned her head aside.

" Meanwhile our two fathers, who perceived our mutual inclination, agreed to marry us. I was the elder of two daughters, and the heiress of the family. James was the eldest son. Beside, the two estates lay so conveniently together. The articles were settled in half an hour; James was presented to me as my bridegroom, I was at the summit of my wishes.

" You may conceive my surprise and chagrin at my mother's protesting against the match, and in a manner so contrary to her usual temper. Her character was soft

and complying; all at once her firmness and resolution astonished the whole family.

"My father insisted upon knowing her reasons. The son-in-law was so eligible in so many points of view; heir to five thousand a year, and, as I sorrowfully added, possessor of ten thousand good qualities. To no purpose. She remained silent. He accused her of caprice and obstinacy. At last her tears prevailed upon him (for he really loved her) to defer the wedding till the following Christmas.

"Every one was puzzled to divine her motives. James was such a good young man, not only amiable in my eyes, but beloved by all his acquaintance. Beside, his father was once so high in her esteem, she seemed to relish his company, and had even consulted him on various occasions but the general astonishment increased, at seeing their interviews more frequent and longer than before. One day I perceived them at a distance in the garden, they

seemed to disagree; he spoke loud: I fancied that he even treated her with harshness. At dinner I remarked that her eyes were red, but her melancholy increased every day, she grew absent in company, spoke little, and eat less.

"At length the wedding-day approached. I will not mention the preparations, or invitations. Our house was full of company. The men had one day returned from hunting, when Mr. Forbes's steward arrived, and enquired if his master was there, for his horse had returned lame, and without his rider. The whole house sallied out, visitors and servants, with torches. Luckily a slight snow had fallen, they followed the horse's track. His horse had in the dark stumbled over the trunk of an oak, and had left their poor friend in a most deplorable state, his leg broke, his whole frame stiff with cold. He was removed home. The impatience of his temper retarded his cure, he had a severe fever; his life was long in danger.

A letter which he had dictated to his steward, breaking off the marriage in the most positive terms, was brought to my father; but he understanding that his friend was frequently light-headed, determined to defer the explanation, nor to communicate the contents to the family.

"Soon after his recovery, how surprised we were to hear that our neighbor had frequently rode out without paying us a visit. We could not account for this. My father looked serious, and called for his horse. Mr. Forbes was embarrassed at his appearance, but recovered himself, took his hand, and conjured him by all he held sacred, by their long friendship, by the welfare of their children, neither to combat his resolution, nor insist upon knowing his motives which he refused to explain. The honor of our family and my reputation was concerned, Mr. Montgomery's pride was inflamed. High words ensued. The two friends met in a neighboring wood. Mr. Forbes was

mortally wounded; I shall never forget the tears that flowed on his account. Montgomery returned home sullen and silent. My mother swooned away. James, who, unknown to his father, was at our house, stood the motionless image of despair.

"The next morning the dying man requested an interview with me, Montgomery bade me go, and console his last moments. "Poor man," said he, "I cannot comprehend his conduct, but I love him still."

"I arrived at his bed-side, death was in his countenance, whiter than the sheets, which here and there were stained with blood; James was at his pillow. O what a look he gave me! it went to my heart.

"I felt the hand of the dying man tremble in mine, and with a faltering voice—O must I repeat what followed? shall I risk your protection? The discovery of my birth will degrade me in your eyes as well as my own. Mr. Forbes had loved my

mother before her marriage; their parents, who saw their mutual attachment, had consented to their union, when a political dispute set the two families at variance, and broke off the match. My mother was forced to bestow her hand on Mr. Montgomery, but Mr. Forbes loved her still, became his friend, and remained her lover; and I, I am the fruit of their criminal connexion. Hence proceeded my mother's opposition. Incest!—Certain perdition. Mr. Forbes was a worldly man, he loved his son, and would not sacrifice his interest to her scruples, her tongue was tied, she could not save us, but the vengeance of Heaven was manifest. O must I unveil the conduct of my parents! Under that very oak, over which his horse had fallen, he, the night before her wedding, had robbed my mother of her innocence. This idea, in the solitude of his confinement and in the hour of danger, occurred to his distempered conscience, and caused his sudden opposition to his own plans.

This was the mystery that he disclosed. My emotion just suffered me to hear the fatal words, "You are my daughter." I fell senseless on the floor; but too soon I learnt the horrid detail.

"At my recovery, I found myself in another room. The surgeon soon after fetched me to his patient, and retired. The unhappy man was at his last gasp, he took his son and myself by the hand. "The mercy of Heaven," said he, "is infinite, but you, my dear children, can you forgive an impious weakness, which would have built your worldly on the ruin of your eternal happiness? I wished with my dying breath to have joined my advice to my blessing; but I feel my strength failing. You both have been educated in the principles of our religion; you both know your duties as well as I; God grant that you may fulfil them better. James, consider Margaret as your sister. By the law of nature, though the other laws be silent, you are her protector. And you, my dear

daughter, respect your mother, and love Mr. Montgomery as you have always loved him: I am only your father; you owe me nothing but your life. He is your benefactor and will continue so, for I need not remind you that the veil of secrecy must not be torn from the reputation of your mother, and the honor of her husband. I repeat it to you with my last breath, love and cherish your mother, and reflect that, though you have been deceived in your reputed father, in your mother there is no possibility of deception. Farewell, my children, my spirit hover over you. James, give Margaret a kiss, kiss her as your sister; in the awful presence of a dying father seal the promise of fraternal love." James rose from his knees; I saw him approaching; the idea of our relation filled me with horror, I swooned away. Before I recovered, my wretched parent had expired. How often must I shudder at the thought, on my account my reputed destroyed my real father.

"There was no further question of our marriage. Decency would never have allowed James to have espoused the daughter of him, by whose hand his father had fallen. My mother lamented the death of a man whom she had loved so tenderly, but by degrees her peace of mind was restored; the idea, that her daughter had escaped a deadly sin, consoled her for his loss. All, she thought, might have been well.

"Alas! she was deceived. Her happiness was an April flower, which my misconduct chilled in the bud. There is no mitigation, no atonement for my crime, no possibility of pardon. I, whose education was so virtuous, in an unwary moment,— Where shall I hide the blushes of guilt?— O that I could sink into the ground!"

Here Miss Montgomery wept so violently that I feared hysterics would have ensued. At last she collected force to continue.

"Your justice will certainly acquit

me of wilful incest. The very moment I knew our relation I could not behold James without horror. I shuddered at his approach, the idea of our crime made my blood run cold, I never saw him since. For three days I could not open his parting letter.

"Meanwhile my increasing shape betrayed my disgrace. You may conceive the consternation of a father, jealous of the honor of his family, and of a tender mother, who probably suspected the whole extent of my guilt. Had I accused my brother, what a thunder-stroke for her! Better to render my name still more infamous than to poison her peace. Should I bring her to the grave? My music-master had died some few weeks before, I declared him my accomplice. My father turned me out of doors; the tears of my mother pleaded for me in vain.

"O that I alone had been doomed to suffer! The idea that my misery had promoted my mother's happiness was a consolation

I enjoyed not long. James had left Scotland, the pangs of remorse pursued him every where; he fled from place to place as if to fly from himself; his life was a burden to him; his religion forbad him to put an end to his existence, but he sought every danger. Gloomy and desperate, in quitting one night the theatre at Naples, he saw an officer of the guards insulting one of those hapless females whom every coward thinks himself authorised to ill-use. He flew to her assistance. With a mere stick he defied the sword of his adversary; but the arms were too unequal, he fell, the most generous of youths.

"His servant unluckily found some billets, which had passed between us in Scotland, and particularly my last solemn answer to his farewell letter. This man returned to Scotland. Not only our own, but my mother's amour went from mouth to mouth. The tale of the music-master was rejected, and every villager learnt not only who was my child's father, but who

was my own. My poor mother was overwhelmed by the reproaches of her husband for her infidelity, and our horrible, our heinous crime. O what must have been her remorse! She had never been seen to smile since my departure. The disgrace of a vulgar inclination had so deeply mortified her, now the idea of incest turned her brain. She was often delirious; but in her last lucid moments, thank God, she blessed me. It is the only thought that ever comforts me.

"Meanwhile, desirous of hiding my shame among strangers, I had arrived in London. My mother had slipt a purse into my hands from her own savings, and Mr. Montgomery, when the violence of his rage had abated, sent a few guineas after me; and probably I am indebted to him for a bank-note which I have since received from some charitable person, who concealed his name, as if ashamed of his own generosity. But in a large town these melted away; and though I lodged in a

miserable garret, though I sometimes tasted no meat for days together, I soon was reduced to the last five guineas. I had no friend to assist me, no acquaintance to ackowledge me.

"Beside, who would employ an infamous woman. Though I understood millinery and needle-work, no one would give a ruffle to be washed, or a yard of cambric to be hemmed by her who had gone astray.

"One day, as I was sitting on a bench in the Green Park, and brooding over my situation, an elderly woman, having walked backward and forward, seated herself by my side. "Young woman," said she, "I think I see a tear in your eye."

"There was something venerable in her appearance which filled me with respect, a benignity in her aspect which inspired me with confidence. After some hesitation I told her all I could reveal of my history, that I was a woman of quality, turned out of her father's house for being in the situa-

tion in which she beheld me. (My pregnancy was but too visible.) She desired me to follow her. We arrived at a creditable house. She left me in the parlor without saying a word, and retired into an inner room.

"A large bible, filled with papers to mark the places, lay on the table, a servant fetched it into the inner room, and I could hear the old lady read a chapter with the most edifying fervor. At length she returned, and said to me, "I have sought the Lord in prayer, and as Solomon, the wisest of all princes, vouched safe to preserve the harlot and her child, so I also, in preserving thee and the fruit of thy womb, may find favor in the sight of the Lord." At her desire I fetched my bundle, and she allotted to me a little room next to her own.

"That evening she called into her room an old gentleman, who had visited the lodgers on the first floor, and having conversed some time together in private, she

recommended me to his protection; and he, desiring me to consider him as a father, kissed me, and promised to pay the expence of my board. My hostess, having praised his piety and charity, I passed some weeks as comfortably as a troubled conscience would allow.

"When one day, as I was reading the gazette as usual to my hostess, I found the deaths of my mother and brother, with all their dreadful circumstances detailed. I fainted, was carried to bed, was seized with sudden pangs, and brought forth this unfortunate child.

"A month was scarcely over, when the old man threw aside the mask, and made the most criminal proposals to me. I complained to my hostess, and she, having had recourse to her bible, assured me that the most sanctified and righteous patriarchs having been indulged in the use of concubines, the Lord in his infinite mercy could not require a greater continence from a sinful generation, who were

less able to resist the lusts of the flesh. At last she hinted that the old man, having paid the midwife and other expences, might fling me into prison, if I rejected his offer. I will not describe my grief and indignation. My hostess, instead of protecting me, exposed me upon every occasion to his infamous persecution. I was miserable, my future prospects blasted, my conscience unrelenting, my memory on the rack. I ran distracted to the bridge, flung my helpless infant over the rails, and would have plunged into the river also, but my resolution failed. How weak is human nature! how strong the love of life! A wise Providence designed it so. Twice I returned to the rails, but my tears only dropt into the stream. I ran franticly on the banks of the river. For a whole day I took no nourishment. I found myself on the second morning in my bed, and my hostess watching at my pillow.

"O of what a degree of depravity is human nature capable! Would you

believe it, madam, this consummate hypocrite suspected my crime, and even treated it as a subject for raillery, and then her head was so filled with the scriptures, that, attempting to be witty, she grew downright blasphemous. "Cease your whimpering, child," said the wicked creature, "you will spoil those eyes, which are more worth than all the bantlings in Christendom, even though you had left a second Moses in the bull-rushes." But let me finish my lamentable history.

"In short I was in a notorious house. The many visitors, from handsome equipages, that stopped at our door, had lulled instead of raising my suspicions. Our lodgers on the first floor were the wretched damsels who had probably fallen the dupes of their principal; and I, having satisfied the desires of a hoary libertine, was destined to recruit their number. This unprincipled woman considered me now completely in her power. She threatened to accuse me of child-murder, if I

would not be more complaisant to my admirer. I went to bed in tears. What a restless night I passed. I saw my expiring infant in a dream. I awoke yesterday in a cold sweat; I trembled in every limb; life was a burden to me, and yet I hoped that my death would procure me the forgiveness of Heaven. I resolved to deliver myself up to justice; I found the street-door open; I slipt out unperceived: you were witness of the scene that followed."

Miss Montgomery having ceased to speak, I represented to her that an involuntary transgression was an accident, and no crime; and flattered her with the possibility of her innocence. For though she were the child of Mr. Forbes, it was not evident that James were her brother; for Mr. Forbes might have been as deceived in supposing James his son, as Mr. Montgomery had been in supposing her his daughter.

"O how happy I should be, could I flatter myself it were so!"

"Happy; it ought to be very indifferent to you. You are a mother; it is your duty to educate your child; and if she become a useful member of society, whether A or B, or the algebraical X be the father, you will have merited well of your country."

She had expected reproaches, and received consolation from me. In some few days she recovered her good spirits, and with them her good looks. I found her worthy of my friendship: we grew inseparable. One day, to dissipate the return of her melancholy, I confided to her the secret of my disguise, and pourtrayed to her the customs and manners of our nation. I had the satisfaction to make her a proselyte to all our opinions. She laid aside the scruples of her countrywomen, and directed all her attention to the education of her child.

A few days after, Miss Montgomery agreed to accompany me to Vauxhall; Naldor was of the party. I observed a

lady following us about the room, but I supposed it was merely accidental. We walked into the garden; she still followed us, and running up to Miss Montgomery, accosted her with the greatest cordiality: "O my dearest Margaret; how happy I am to see you. How long have you been in England? Naughty creature, to forget your best friend. We are old cronies. Have you forgot our school days at W—— House, and the sweetmeats we eat together in a certain place?" Miss Montgomery answered her with a cold politeness; but she continued, "Permit me to join your party; I long to make their acquaintance; your friends must be mine also." We were introduced each to the other: Mrs. Fitz-Allan—the Marchesa de Roverbella—the Cavaliere Pellerini. She turned to Naldor with a perfect familiarity: "It is lucky you speak English, for as to Italian, it is all gibberish to me. I attempted to learn French at the boarding-school, but the language-master was a

blockhead. Only think; I learnt for four years, and he could teach me nothing." She took Naldor's arm, and stuck to us the whole night.

The next morning at breakfast, Miss Montgomery asked our opinion of our new acquaintance. "Mrs. Fitz-Allan," said she, "was my friend at W—— House boarding-school; though our friendship proceeded more from the accidental circumstance of our being bedfellows, than from any sympathy. At bottom she had a good heart, though the oddest and most unaccountable creature. Her family lived in London. She used to dine at home every Sunday, and had the liberty of inviting one of her friends: once I had accompanied her. Her mother, having brought us back, mentioned to the schoolmistress that she was informed the number of her scholars had increased. Soon as the mother was gone, the schoolmistress reprimanded me for telling the number. I pleaded in vain that I had only answered

to a simple question." "And had I not ordered you to say you could not tell?" "I was punished; you may ask in what my fault consisted. It is the policy of every boarding-school to conceal its number; for should it have increased, the school might be thought too crowded to be healthy; should it have decreased, it might be thought on the decay. Thus children are instructed by their governesses to assert a positive falshood, and to deceive their parents in the most wilful manner. I was punished, though in fact it was Mrs. Fitz-Allan who had transgressed; but I was unwilling to betray my friend, and suffered in her stead. Not long after, a novel was found under our pillow; for in the finest summer evening, with the sun shining in at our window, we were forced to bed at eight; and I wished to seize an hour, unmolested by the Argus' eyes of my governess, to read a book which she would have confiscated for her private use. My generous friend, willing to repay the obligation,

declared that it belonged to her. Hence a mutual esteem united us."

Agalva.

"Such schools must be more calculated to break in the sultanas for a Turkish harum, than to form the mothers and companions of free men! no wonder Mrs. Fitz-Allan was so happy to meet you. The meeting of two fellow-prisoners must be interesting after the recovery of their liberty.

Miss Montgomery.

And yet I could not but receive her coolly. Would you believe, that a woman once capable of so much generosity, upon my arriving in town in such distress, instead of receiving me with open arms, shut her doors upon me. You may be surprised at her assurance in reproaching me with neglect; I was only surprised at her acknowledging me at all.

Naldor.

Well then, I will explain the mystery. This is the lady who the other night sat next to me at the theatre, and who, after

making me the most open advances, obliged me to hand her to the carriage, and offered to bring me home. I mistook her for some cyprian, and declined her offer; but my vanity will not scruple to assert, that to me you owed her company last night."

He had scarcely spoken, when a loud knock at the door was heard, and Mrs. Fitz-Allan was announced.

Miss Montgomery received her coolly; Mrs. Fitz-Allan demanded an explanation; Miss Montgomery accused her of having forsaken her in her distress. "My dear Margaret," said the other, "no one ever thought me squeamish; but would decency permit me to receive a pregnant spinster? For the same reason I dodged you last night till you were in the garden, nor can my house be open to you till your uncles and aunts and cousins be reconciled to you; but what pleasure it will give me if the Marchesa permit us to meet at her house! I will not boast of my goodness, for

I am not better than other folks, yet it grieves me to be thought capable of deserting you in your misfortunes.

"O then it was you who sent me the bank-note?" The two friends flew each into the arms of the other. "My dear Margaret," cried Mrs. Fitz-Allan, "how could you think of intriguing before you were married."

At length Mrs. Fitz-Allan took her leave. The Cavalier would hand her to her carriage, when lo! the blockhead of a coachman had driven home, probably according to his mistress's orders. The Cavaliere offered to walk home with her. His offer was readily accepted. I need not add that the Cavaliere Pellerini became, in the language of European gallantry, the admirer of Mrs. Fitz-Allan.

As to myself, I resolved to renounce every idea of love during my stay in Christendom. Some of Sir Clifford's friends, whom I had met at his country-seat, had introduced me to their friends, and

they to theirs, so that I had a very numerous acquaintance in the first circles; but the more I saw and heard of the manners and opinions of Great Britain, the firmer was my resolution to do penance for my idle curiosity in visiting this country. But an unforeseen circumstance induced me to embark in a new amour.

"Ah, Princess," said Naldor to me one morning, "why had I not the prudence to follow your example. My heart bleeds at the sight of the wretched victims of seduction, who infest the streets of this metropolis; and I should never forgive myself, should, upon my account, any girl forfeit the protection of her family; nor would I deliberately seduce a wife from the arms of her husband, to expose her to the insults of society, and to the disgrace of a public trial; whenever therefore I saw an Englishwoman particularly beautiful, sensible, or accomplished, I shut my eyes on her perfections, and avoided her, not for my sake, but for her own. Yet I must confess

my weakness, I have not had the firmness to resist the advances of Mrs. Fitz-Allan. Yesterday her husband met me in the street; he rushed not upon me like a ruffian, as many husbands would, but with a cool, steady, polite courage, brilliant as all his qualities. "Sir," said he, "I shall call upon you to-morrow to propose an excursion to you." I expect him here in less than an hour."

What an embarrassing situation! and we had no leisure for reflection. "Naldor," said I, "your religion forbids you to accept this challenge. To meet Mr. Fitz-Allan would be a tacit acknowledgement of his authority over his wife."

"But my honor?

"A Nair must not sacrifice his conscience to the prejudices of Europe. You, who have distinguished yourself so often with the knights of the Phœnix, who have delivered four sultanas from a Persian haram, and who have brought home so many turbans, should an enraged hus-

band attack you, the laws of Samora authorise you to slay him, as a mad dog, in your own defence; but you must never treat him as a man of honor, who would tyrannize over our sex. But leave the affair to me; I will arrange it to the satisfaction of all parties, I will make a new proselyte to the religion of our foremothers. Go, and persuade Mrs. Fitz-Allan to return with you here, and should I be engaged with her husband, accompany her into the back room."

I had just finished my toilet, when Mr. Fitz-Allan was announced. What a graceful figure, what an engaging air, a man on whom my eye dwelt with satisfaction, and could find no fault; and drest with such taste! no one would have thought him prepared to risk a person that he had adjusted with such attention.

I apologized for the Cavaliere's absence, who had charged me to entertain him till his return.

A gallant compliment was his answer.

Fitz-Allan.

I knew not that the Cavaliere was married. All London would felicitate him.

Agalva.

The Cavaliere would be too well bred to mention a wife in company.

Fitz-Allan.

He is too politic, he would wear her in his bosom, nor tempt us with the sight of such a jewel.

Agalva.

Such a husband would be very troublesome.

Fitz-Allan.

Who were not jealous of a treasure?

Agalva.

Treasure, (said I, forgetting myself, for whenever I think of the oppression of my sex, my resentment runs away with me); yes, in England, a wife is a treasure, and a woman of gallantry a Peruvian mine; where twelve grave jurymen set a price upon her charms, which even exceeds her own vanity, or the avarice of her lord;

where the conniving Amphitryon dreams of the golden harvest which her lover has sowed, speculates on his own dishonor, and complacently pockets the affront.

Fitz-Allan.

The hint is generous, but it will not damp my ardor, nor deter me from breathing at your feet the vows of the purest love, of the most profound admiration, of the most unalterable constancy.

Agalva.

I own I am not blind to your merit. I am willing to treat you with a candor, which I hope your conduct will justify: but tell me, suppose you were to find a lover at your wife's feet?

Fitz-Allan.

He should be my friend. I would thank him for those attentions to her which would enable me to consecrate to you every moment of my life.

I arose. "Come then," my lover jumpt up in extacy. I opened the door, and we beheld the Cavaliere, who had overheard

our conversation, and divined my plan, acting the same comedy at Mrs. Fitz-Allan's feet.

I had expected a ridiculous scene, I was disappointed. At the sight of her husband, Mrs. Fitz-Allan shrieked and fainted away.

Before our assistance had recovered her, "I see my presence is superfluous here," said Fitz-Allan, and with a polite bow left the house.

Mrs. Fitz-Allan, after reviving from her swoon, remained long motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and without uttering a word. At length she was relieved by a flood of tears, "I am a ruined woman," said she, "I had long foreseen that I was advancing toward a precipice, but had not the force to stop myself. From the day of our wedding my husband has been hunting for a divorce. To-day he is on the right scent. I am a ruined creature, ruined and aban-
[illegible]ed."

We endeavored to comfort her, we represented to her that her husband had not quitted the house in such violent anger.

"Anger!" said she, "he has quitted it in triumph."

"In that case he has even now no proofs against you."

"They will be not long wanting, my shape will soon tell tales. I am—I am—a mother."

"So much the better. A son and heir. He will flatter himself that he is the father."

"O no, no. He cannot be deceived. He knows that he has no claims to it. He married me for my money. He is over polite before company, and in private too; but yet, you understand me, politeness wont do. We have been married, now, next Michaelmas, let me see how many years,—and yet I might as well have been his grandmother for all that. All my acquaintance envy me, and say he is so handsome, and so civil, and I so happy.

Should any gentleman seem partial to me, and have a hankering after me, he has always invited him to the house, and left us alone together, to do what we pleased. When first I married him I was indeed fond of fun, and playing tricks, and I loved a game of romps now and then; but I was a good christian at bottom, and had the fear of God and of the devil before my eyes. But he was always talking of Italy and France, and Chittibays*, as he calls them, that I thought I was not made to hug my pillow. There was one day Squire Parkhurst, our neighbor, came to Allan's castle. He is a tall young fellow, six feet high, with red hair; but what of that? I thought to make my husband jealous, and looked so kindly, and said such civil things to the squire: but he was not a bit jealous, but invited him to make the castle his own. But now it is clear as daylight what he would be at, he will keep my fortune, and send me a packing."

* Cicesbei.

Such were Mrs. Fitz-Allan's lamentations, which her sobs rendered almost unintelligible. She declared her resolution of not returning to her husband's. I offered her an apartment. My house was the asylum of her friend Margaret Montgomery. I had been the involuntary cause of the Countess O'Neil's death, and was happy in making any reparation in my power to my injured sex in England.

Meanwhile, I was reflecting how I should reconcile her and her husband, or screen her from his vengeance. I pitied her, though I never could have felt any friendship for her. It was not to be expected that the elegant, accomplished Fitz-Allan could love such a hoyden, but nothing could justify his ill-treatment of her. I should have detested any other for such a conduct, but perhaps there was a little partiality for him lurking in my heart.

In any other country, I should have despised Naldor for having yielded so readily to the advances of so coarse, vulgar a creature;

but perhaps the goodness of her heart induced him to overlook the ignorance of her mind, and the want of polish in her manners; perhaps he preferred her to the society of any mercenary Lais, however accomplished, and despaired of success should he make love to any English woman of fashion. Thus, in England, the most ordinary woman, who has laid aside her scruples, may turn to her own advantage the scruples of her countrywomen, though her superiors in every respect; and may even aspire to the most accomplished lover. We are often content to pick up the fruit that is fallen, not to have the trouble of climbing the tree.

It was night. Naldor had some business to transact, and was not returned. Mrs. Fitz-Allan had retired to bed. I was sitting in the drawing-room, when Fitz-Allan was announced.

"I come," said he, "to inquire after my wife. Is she recovered? Why is she

not returned home? I would not send a servant, for it is not necessary to put these people in our secrets. Otherwise I would not have tormented her with my presence. What a monster a husband is to throw a poor wife into fits. But apropos, the Cavaliere is out, the powers of love are favorable. I must not lose this opportunity." He said, and began to renew his declaration in the same strain as in the morning.

The thought struck me, that I might serve my protegée.

"The Cavaliere is not expected home. I am going up stairs, and in half an hour, when my woman has retired with the light, I permit you to follow me."

I will not describe his transports, or repeat the high-flown expressions of his gratitude.

"But on one condition—my Abigail sleeps in the next room. You must promise me not to speak a word, not even in a whisper."

He promised obedience, and I gave him the direction to Mrs. Fitz-Allan's apartment, instead of that to my own.

I went to Mrs. Fitz-Allan, who lay in fond expectation of the Cavaliere, and enjoined her to keep the same silence.

I retreated to my own chamber, and ere the half hour was over, heard the impatient Fitz-Allan feeling his way to his equally impatient wife.

When they made their appearance in the parlor, "I see, my dear Mrs. Fitz-Allan," said I, "that you have made peace with your husband for not returning home. You have explained to him that it was too late last night, and that I prevailed upon you to take a bed at my house. He came to inquire after you and I directed him to your chamber. How happy you must be, my dear, in so attentive a husband."

Mr. Fitz-Allan with an admirable assurance thanked me for my attentions to his wife.

We sat down to breakfast. Fitz-Allan affected his usual gallantry. His poor consort remained silent, and had not the courage to lift up her eyes.

After breakfast, "My dear," said I, "will not all the people at your house be uneasy at your absence? Permit the Cavaliere to conduct you home."

She seemed to consult her husband's eyes, and suffered herself to be led away by Naldor. Fitz-Allan and myself remained together.

Agalva, (in a feigned tone of depit.)

Well, sir, I hope I fulfilled my promise to your satisfaction. I promised to make you happy, and you have been so.

Fitz-Allan.

How shall I excuse my blunder? what an unlucky error, that I should mistake the apartment.

Agalva.

Unlucky indeed for me, who was sighing for your company, but as to yourself, you have no cause to complain. All

our pleasures here below are illusions, and the lover, who dreams himself in the arms of his beloved, is as happy as if he really were so. But let us be serious; we are alone, and have need of an explanation: you have no excuses to make, but must excuse the trick that I played you. I intentionally directed you to Mrs Fitz-Allan's chamber. As you flatter me that I am not indifferent to you, you must approve my desire of knowing your character. You married your wife for money, that was mean in you. It was an engagement to gain your bread in the sweat of your brow; but what is worse, you have not fulfilled your engagement. You have premeditatedly neglected her, and while the descriptions that you made of the privileges enjoyed by the women in Italy inflamed her passions, you constantly invited every man to your house, whose attentions to your wife might authorise you to sue for a divorce. But as this has not succeeded, and as nothing has

appeared, that would convict her in a court of justice, you came here yesterday, resolved to shed deliberately a man's blood for making love to your wife, while you yourself feel no scruples to make love to his. But should you ever in future be inclined to call your wife to account, a description of the part that you played in our last night's comedy would dispose all her judges in her favor. O ye men, ye lords of the creation, what pleasure it gives us weak women to lead you by the noses!

Fitz-Allan.

My defence will be short. I married her through necessity, not through choice. I was induced to marry her, to save my parents almost from prison. But the history would be too long. I flatter myself that I could employ a tête-à-tête better than in relating it. I married her—but look at her, was it possible to love such a woman? I vowed that I would have no communication with her; I absented my-

self from England to avoid her. Upon my return from the continent my heart relented sufficiently to pity her, though not to love her, and I can clear myself from the imputation of wishing to restrain her freedom. No woman, not even in your natal Italy, was more the mistress of her own person; and if she has not made use of this tolerance, the fault has been her own. No consideration should ever induce me to become her jailor. The freedom of the press is the bulwark of British liberty; but the public gazettes should discuss public affairs, and not become the vehicle of private scandal: yet the veil of decency has been rudely torn away from my domestic concerns, and the inclination of my wife to your husband has been lately published in the most glaring colors. These reports only raised the indignation of my two brothers, who have been insisting that I should correct my wife's conduct; and were even disposed themselves to challenge the Cavaliere. But as

her amours can never interest a fourth person, and I alone could have any plea to protest, I forbad them to interfere, and I determined that a false sense of honor (and whatever is unjust must be false) should not overcome my sense of justice. As to my yesterday's visit to your husband, it was a mere visit of ceremony. Far from coming here with any sanguinary intentions, I came here to announce to him that our family sets off next week for our country seat. You Italians are sometimes punctilious; and though I have hitherto considered him rather my wife's visitor than my own, I feared, that if I had not returned his visit, he might refuse to be of the party. And now I find the Cavaliere is married, may I add, that if Mrs. Fitz-Allan is desirous that he would accept the invitation, that I am not destitute of hopes that his amiable wife would honor Allan's Castle with her presence.

Agalva.

His amiable sister will accompany you with pleasure. For, my dear Fitz-Allan, mistaking the intentions of your visit, I assumed a false title. Know then that I am not the Cavaliere's wife, but his sister."

Thus every cause of Mrs. Fitz-Allan's fears was removed, and she could obey the dictates of her heart without trembling for the consequences; and I found too many amiable qualities in her husband not to be happy in his attentions. The next week we all removed to Allan's Castle.

Nothing remarkable happened during the first months of my stay at this venerable gothic mansion. We were all as pleased as love and harmony could render an agreeable society among all the comforts and elegancies of life. Some of the most accomplished and enlightened characters in the island were among Fitz-Allan's guests. The charms of my residence

here promise some recompense for all the inconveniences that I have suffered in this country. At length I bore a daughter, whom I named Osva.

Soon after Miss Montgomery departed for London. Mr. Montgomery, after the discovery of his wife's infidelity, had never considered her his daughter, but had declared his intention of leaving his whole fortune to her younger sister. So rich an heiress could never want suitors: her father approved of one, for the daughter's consent in Europe is a secondary consideration. The pin-money and jointure were fixed. When, the day before the wedding, the two families met, and old Montgomery drank so freely, that a fever ensued, which within a week carried him into the other world. Luckily for Margaret, he had not signed his will, so she, as co-heiress, inherited the half of his fortune.

Since her departure, I have employed myself in writing my journal. Prudence recommends this step. I have found the

manners and opinions in Europe so different from those of Indostan, and have witnessed so many curious scenes, that without some guide to my memory, far from being able to require the belief of others, I, when returned to Calicut, may be disposed myself to believe that I have only dreamt.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Good Heaven! what has befallen me? Unhappy curiosity! why left I my maternal hall to visit this fatal country? O my child! I have lost thee for ever. Where art thou? all search has proved vain: hope is not more. Farewell, Calicut! I am a wretched outcast. Week after week I have lamented: my sighs rise with the morning, my tears fall with the night: Even these Europeans pity me. I have no country, no brothers, no mother. Shall I support the frown of my uncle? the patient grief of my mother? I, who deserve not the name of mother myself?

* * * * * * * * * *

Yes! I have a child there; he is among his family, his friends, but they are not his mother. Away to Calicut, to my Firnos, alas! my only child. To-morrow I will leave this land.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The impatient Lacy accompanies me back to Calicut. I will leave Naldor here to continue the search; perhaps he may discover the dear little Osva. But let me finish this journal: I will entrust it to his care. Heaven knows what may be my fate. Perhaps I shall never see my maternal country.

Some weeks after my delivery I had one night retired to my chamber, and dismissed my waiting-woman. Just as I was going to extinguish the candle, I perceived a man's shoe beneath the bed. I had the presence of mind not to betray my surprise, but, as if my thoughts were entirely engrossed with my toilet for an approaching fête, "I have not settled my diamonds," said I, "and to-morrow is the

ball." I staid a few moments in an inner closet, and then went to bed, and pretended to be asleep. The robber issued from his concealment, and hastened to the closet. I slipped out of bed, locked him in, and ran to alarm the house.

I returned with all the family, visitors, and servants: we seized the robber, and took him into the hall for examination. Upon my return I searched in vain for my child: the little Osva was gone, perhaps for ever.

Every inquiry, advertisement, and reward have proved fruitless. They have produced no account of the infant. The robber has been executed; but the hardened villain died without confessing or denying any knowledge of its fate. I returned to London, where Lacy had just returned from the continent. His sole regret in quitting England is his not having seen Fitz-Allan, the only friend that he possessed in his country, and who was absent on our first arrival.

I found Miss Montgomery living in an elegant house, and in a style suitable to her birth. She received me with open arms; she has a grateful heart:—but with the voice of pleasure I am not longer in unison: I am apathy itself. I have lost all relish even for the happiness of my friend. My wound bleeds at the sight of her infant whom I saved.

(signed) AGALVA ROFINA SAMORINA.

During many days this journal was never out of the Prince's hand; and he was perpetually brooding over the fate of his mother. The ship, in which she sailed from England, had been lost. At one moment he saw her cast away on a desert island; at another her image occurred to him sinking beneath the waves. He read over and over again those passages, where Agalva had mentioned him with such affection; and a tear started into his eye. But grief cannot last for ever. The pos-

sibility of her being returned to Calicut since his departure, buoyed up his spirits, though there was little probability to flatter his wishes. At any rate he expected no advantage in prolonging his stay in England. He resolved to hasten his return.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Don Antonio di Collatini, or the Roman tale---The picture-gallery---Firnos visits Mr. Fitz-Allan---Walter de Grey departs for Bagdad in quest of his sister---Fandella, wife of the Baron of Naldor, victim of the indissolubility of marriage---Firnos embarks for Calicut with Camilla and Naldor---Birth of Marina.

BOOK VI.

FERNOS was at length induced to accept an invitation from Mrs. Montgomery: for Margaret was married since Agalva's departure, and consequently was styled mistress. Her love of liberty, her spirit of independence, would have induced her to remain single. But as a spinster in Europe is less free than a wife whose husband allows her to be her own mistress, she had bestowed her hand on a needy cousin of her own name. She had given him a handsome pension, though the place was a sinecure: but as the children's fortunes would come from their mother, he was not more free from the conjugal duties than from the cares of paternity.

A tear of gratitude was in her eye at the sight of the son of Agalva. She presented to him all her children of different ages: a more interesting group he never had beheld. "Come, Jane," said she to her eldest daughter, "here is the son of that noble woman who saved your life." The Prince, whose soul was engrossed by the loss of his mother, gave way to his emotions. He forgot that he was in Europe, and kissed her with the affection of a brother. His mother had saved her life! The palm of beauty belonged to Jane in the absence of the second daughter, Camilla.

However anxious to do the honors to her guest, Mrs. Montgomery fell into a reverie. She was upon the point of losing an interesting friend: her two daughters endeavored in vain to keep up the conversation.

The servants had just retired, when Don Antonio di Collatini was announced.

"Congratulate me," said he, "it was

a false alarm. Good news from Avignon: my presence there is unnecessary; I remain in England."

Mrs. Montgomery squeezed his hand; her eye brightened. "How happy, how very happy I am," said she. The two friends having whispered something together; "My dear Don Antonio," continued she, "behold the descendant of Semiramis, the son of the Princess of Calicut, whom you have so often heard me mention. We need have no secrets. My daughters are impatient to hear this good news: pray favor the Prince with your history. Though trifling the cause of our melancholy, a separation of some weeks, in comparison to his misfortune, the loss of his dear mother; yet it seemed inevitable. Our grief, however, has proved groundless, and we tormented ourselves in vain. At this consideration let his hopes revive. The sun returns not only after a shower, but after a storm.

Don Antonio, bowing to the Prince, began his history in the following terms.

" I am the younger brother of an antient Roman family, and consequently was neither destined to support its dignity, and dispensed from the duty of continuing the name. At eighteen, few, Monsignori, had a neater leg to show in a purple stocking, and even in the nursery my old aunt, the Abbess of Santa Clara, used to call me her little cardinal.

" My brother, the Marchese di Collatini, married a woman whom he really loved, and who in every respect was worthy of his affection. As birth and fortune were among her recommendations, every one thought it a match of policy, but some of the first cavaliers, who aspired to be her cicesbeos, were mortified to find it a match of love. The Marchesa used to appear at the conversations without a single cavalier, though her rank would have authorised her to have three in her train,

and even sometimes had the courage to enter the assembly with her own husband.

"The ladies of the first circles were justly apprehensive that other married couples might follow their example, and that her fidelity might in the end be detrimental to the liberties of their sex. They showed her every slight which decency would allow, and extolled her conduct in every biting panegyric which irony could invent. A number of epigrams passed from hand to hand. Pasquin enquired of his brother statue, who was the chastest woman in Italy; and Marforio congratulated modern Rome on this phenomenon of chastity, which rose like a phœnix from the ashes of Lucretia in the family of Collatinus.

"My brother proposed to his wife to comply with the custom of the country as far as appearance required, and to allow some fop of quality the title of her cavalier; but she refused; when I, to end their embarrassment, offered to undertake

this office, and always conducted my sister-in-law, when she appeared in public.

" I know, my dear Mrs. Montgomery, you have too good an opinion of me, to suppose me capable of encouraging the jealousy of my brother; I never would have offered my services, had I not been certain that his wife preferred him to all the young men of Rome. When a married couple happen to love each other, they are rather to be considered happy than virtuous; and though there be no merit in having won a prize in the lottery, yet every one congratulates the winners on their good fortune; but let it not tempt their neighbors to turn gamblers.

" Another motive induced me to become her titular cicesbeo. Every Italian of quality is expected to serve a gentlewoman. This only can give him a certain consideration among his own rank; but I was really in love with an attorney's wife. Had this been known in the first circle, the raillery of our donnas would have never

ceased. I was therefore happy, with the veil of mock gallantry toward my sister, to conceal my real amour.

" This system proceeded without interruption for several years, when a fever snatched the amiable Marchesa from the arms of her husband.

" I will not describe his despair. During some weeks he continued in a state of madness. Now raving wild, now mute and melancholy. Soon after his recovery, he was invited to a ceremony at a neighboring church. Donna Teresa, the twin sister of the late Marchesa, and who resembled her so perfectly, that they could only be distinguished by a ribbon or a bracelet, was to take the veil. As no alliance sufficiently illustrious to satisfy the ambition of her family, had offered, this blooming victim was to be sacrificed at the altar of superstition. She had bid an eternal farewel to the palace of her ancestors, to be buried for ever within the unrelenting walls of a convent. Her mother, who was

to embrace her for the last time, sat sobbing by her side. All her friends took leave of her in form. As my brother approached her, her resemblance to her sister struck him so forcibly, that he could not master his emotion; he was near fainting; I had just time to support him. But when the archbishop was proceeding to cut off her flowing hair, in an excess of madness, he pushed me aside: at that moment he had the strength of Hercules, and all the cavaliers present, together with the Pope's Swiss guard, could scarcely save the prelate from his fury.

"The ceremony was postponed. My brother was conveyed home. When he returned to his senses, he was overwhelmed with confusion. The next day he clasped my hand. "O how miserable I am," said he, "the sight of Teresa recalls to my mind my inestimable loss. With her alone I could hope to taste those joys, those heartfelt joys, which vanished with her sister. The same look, the same

features, the same smile, the same figure, the same sensibility! the tone of her voice went to my heart; but her air was so melancholy, so dejected, Teresa is unhappy, and I am miserable. This match offers her no cheerful prospects, and seals the tomb of my fondest hopes. To-morrow I will go to Teresa, I will offer her my hand. The ghost of Cecilia will rejoice in my affection for Teresa." "My dear brother," said I, "reflect a moment, she is the sister of your late wife."

"So much the better," answered he, "Educated in the same principles by the same respectable mother; will she not be better qualified to supply her place, to render me as happy as her sister rendered me? Will not Teresa be the kindest, the most affectionate mother to the children of Cecilia?"

"But such a marriage would be incest in the eyes of the church."

"Pretacchio!" cried he with disdain,

" has not the house of Collatini wealth enough to corrupt the whole vatican ?"

" True," answered I, " his holiness will do any thing for money, and nothing without it. But should the Marchese di Collatini spend one half of his fortune to procure a dispensation, would the other satisfy the pretensions of her family ? Her good mother would rejoice in Teresa's happiness ; but the old prince would rather know his daughter shivering in a cell, than see her without six horses to her carriage."

" With what other arguments could I combat his passion ? I was neither a hypocrite, nor a bigot. I could not, like the archbishop, remind him of his crime in robbing his redeemer of a bride. During some days I saw him the prey of a settled melancholy. I perceived that Donna Teresa, who possessed every qualification to render happy a man of a domestic turn, was herself miserable. She felt no vocation to so unnatural a life.

" I resolved to sacrifice the prejudices of my religion to the comfort of a brother, whom I from my first infancy had always loved. Having consulted with him and the bride's mother, I espoused Donna Teresa, and resigned her to the Marchese, who became her cicesbeo. I was only in deacon's orders, but few would have renounced such fair prospects of a cardinal's hat. Thus to oblige my brother I had been the titular cicesbeo of his wife, and was now the titular husband of my own.

" Donna Teresa is now the mother of a promising family, and my brother as happy as a worthy man can be, in the arms of an amiable woman; and I would not renounce the satisfaction of having contributed to their happiness, for the power of excommunicating all the crowned heads in Christendom, or of fulminating against all the heretics of the world for the glory of God.

" Death having snatched away the at-

torney's wife (she died in my arms), a loss I shall never cease to lament, I became a great traveller, but always returned at fixed periods to Rome, in order to secure the legitimacy of Donna Teresa's children.

"Yesterday I announced to Mrs. Montgomery the necessity of my speedy return, but I have just received a letter which dispenses me from that duty. Though of Roman origin, our family estates lie at present in Avignon, lately incorporated with the new French republic. One of the oldest families in Europe must naturally be averse to a system, which has stripped us of our dearest privileges; but because we have lost by the revolution, it would be absurd to refuse any recompence it might offer; and whether aristocrat or democrat, every unprejudiced mind must approve the facility of divorces. In short, I am to be divorced, and my brother, who has made up his mind to live at Avignon, proposes to espouse my ci-devant wife at the temple of reason; and thus, my dear

Mrs. Montgomery, I shall still be able to enjoy the charms of your society in England."

Don Antonio was silent; the young people left the room one after the other, and Firnos and Camilla remained alone with the two friends. When two friends feel themselves relieved from a load of grief, a third or fourth person must be superfluous; but Camilla proposed to the Prince to examine the picture-gallery. The Prince consented.

"My mother," said the spirited Camilla, as they entered a spacious room, filled with the choicest paintings, "has employed some of the first artists in adorning these walls. This is usually called the picture-gallery; but amongst ourselves we call it the hall of prejudices: and here are represented all the unhappy catastrophes proceeding from one of the most absurd prejudices of mankind. Behold here the blooming Virginia, murdered by the hands of her own father,—murdered,

I defy your highness to guess why,—murdered, to save her honor, as it is called; and such an action, which should qualify a man either for Bedlam or Newgate, is often extolled as a mark of greatness of soul. But I will not detain you with a comment on every picture. Here is Lucretia, who was a heroine, but no philosopher. Behold there Jane Shore, the best hearted woman in the world, the charitable, the friend of the poor; whose influence over her sovereign was every day the source of some good action: behold her turned into the street, condemned to do penance in a sheet. Every house, once flattered by her presence, shuts its doors upon her; her sycophant acquaintance suffer her to starve among the taunts of an ungrateful people, whom her former bounty fed."

"What was her crime?" asked Firnos.

"She was no Lucretia," answered Camilla, and related her history.

"Here the second Sesostris makes a

bonfire of his wives, and the eighth Henry brings his to the scaffold.

" Here the pious Lewis, how degenerated from Charlemagne! seizes the gallants of his seven unmarried sisters, slays some of them by dragging them on their faces over stubble fields; cuts off the hands and puts out the eyes of others; and then, congratulating himself upon the reformation he has accomplished, retires from affairs to a monkish solitude.

" Here a brutal baron of Burgundy, enraged at the preference which his wife gave to Robert of Constantinople, who, independent of his imperial dignity, was, without flattering his majesty, probably more amiable than himself, enters the palace and seizes both his wife and his mother. The helpless mother he ties in a sack and hurls into the Bosphorus. The young and lovely daughter he deprives of her nose and lips, and leaves her bleeding for the contemplation of her lover. So

outrageous were the horned animals of the thirteenth century.

"The Czar Peter the Great, that political Shakespeare, that illustrious savage, is the subject of the ensuing picture. Having condemned the lover of the empress to lose his head, he was determined to be present himself at his punishment. After the execution he ascended the scaffold, and taking up the bloody head by the hair, expressed with brutal energy the satisfaction that he felt in this act of vengeance. That very day he had the cruelty to conduct his consort before the post to which the head of this victim was nailed: and that is the moment which the artist has chosen. Catherine is endeavoring not to betray her horror at the terrible object.

"The painting that corresponds with the last, represents a wife still worse treated by her tyrant; he forces her not to look at the head, but gives her to eat of the heart of her lover.

"The illustrious crusader, Raoul de Couci, being mortally wounded in Palestine, ordered his squire, when he should have breathed his last, to cut out his heart, and take it to France to Gabrielle de Vergy. As the squire was approaching the castle which she inhabited, he met her husband, who forced him to deliver up the fatal pledge. Being possessor of the heart of his rival, the barbarian has it served up in a hash to the unsuspecting Gabrielle, who, desperate at having tasted of such a dish, starves herself to death. You see in the picture the lady, who has been eating with the greatest confidence. Take notice of the malicious joy expressed in her husband's countenance: he seems to say, "You must have found the last dish excellent, it was a heart that beat for you alone."

Next was pourtrayed a holy murderer, who had the appearance of a lunatic: it was Saint Julian. Having found his father and mother in his bed, he was decei-

ved by the darkness, and mistaking them for his wife and her lover, he sacrificed them to his jealousy. To expiate his crime he built a lonely hospital; he retired there, and what is more, his innocent wife, the destined victim of his suspicions, could not refuse to share the ennuis of this solitude. It is too often the case that the poor wife must do penance for the misconduct of her husband.

"The history of Clarissa Harlowe," continued Camilla, "is the subject of this suite of pictures; not that you are to imagine that the history be true: but though the identical Clarissa never existed, there are so many similar victims of prejudice, and this novel is such a faithful picture of our manners and opinions, that her imaginary disasters are here classed with these examples of real woe. But let us hasten from this scene. I will not detail all the examples of European absurdity. In the next room you will contemplate the pictures with pleasure."

" But first," said Firnos, " who is that odd-looking quiz over the door?"

" His name is of little consequence; it is as uncouth as his appearance, but I have forgot it. He was a bishop some hundred years ago, and used to sleep with the most blooming virgins of his diocese, and gain repeated victories over the flesh and the devil by keeping his vows in their arms. But enough of the hall of prejudice," said Camilla, opening an inner door, " let me show you my mother's pantheon."

" Pardon me again," said the Prince, pointing to another picture, " first satisfy my curiosity; who is that youth, who on that fiery steed is plunging into that impetuous stream? What lady, on the opposite bank, lost in admiration at his audacity, seems to tremble for the safety, no doubt, of her lover?"

Camilla.

No, let antiquity boast of its Leander, who swam over the Hellespont to join his beloved; this exploit proceeds from a no-

bler source—from filial duty. This picture records the excess of matrimonial tyranny, and the force of a son's affection; and perpetuates the glory and shame of the present century. The elector of Hanover *, afterward George the First of England, had gone to the wars, and left his young consort a prey to the widowhood of absence. What justifies a husband, who has enlisted in the service of Hymen, to volunteer in that of Mars? She is suspected of favoring a lover, who upon this suspicion is assassinated by her husband's family in the most dastardly manner; and she herself is confined for forty years to the solitary castle which you see painted there. She is not even permitted to see her children, though, whoever might have been their father, she undoubtedly was their mother. Her son, now grown to manhood, though separated from her in the nursery, is determined to see her at

* Wraxall's Memoirs.

the peril of his life. He mounts his charger, and swims through the river to join her. But there the painter has taken some liberty with the historical truth, for the mother was in fact confined to the castle, and the son had passed over the first drawbridge, and had proceeded to the second; when the guard was roused, and the Castellan with his drawn sword refused him admittance into his mother's apartment. This gallant Hanoverian was afterward King George the Second of England."

The subject of this picture was a dagger in Firnos's heart: he had crossed the ocean in search of his mother; how willingly would he also have risked his life for a sight of her. Alas! she is no more. His eyes seem fixed on the canvass; his tears start; the presence of Camilla only hinders him from falling on his knees before the painting. She remarked his emotion, and drew him on to the following apartment.

Around the walls hung the portraits of those women, who had done honor to their sex.

Here were Myrtis and Corinna, the fame of whose talents was not confined to Thebes, their natal country. The wild and luxuriant genius of Pindar was corrected by their lessons. At the public musical contests were displayed his first efforts to equal their renown. He conquered Myrtis, but was overcome five times by Corinna. The voice of scandal, it is true, attributed her repeated victories rather to the charms of her beauty than to the superiority of her talents; but even her defeat, when Pindar was her antagonist, would not have been inglorious. It would have entitled her to the honors of a session here.

Here was Queen Artemisia, who displayed her courage and conduct at the battle of Salamine, and Queen Dido, the founder of an empire which could rival antient Rome. Nor was Cleopatra absent.

The companion of heroes, who preferred death to servitude, she laughs at the triumvir, and holds the asp to her bosom. Two illustrious moderns were there, Mary Stuart, and Christina of Sweden: both the ornaments of their ages, both the avowed patronesses of literature. Like a philosopher, Christina descended from a throne to satisfy her thirst of knowledge, and Mary mounted the scaffold like a hero. But who could be paired with thee, O Katherine, greatest of women? What age, what country, has produced thy equal? O yes, the Prince of Indostan is enraptured to behold the portrait of Samora, his sublime ancestress, Samora's portrait coupled with thine.

Camilla.

However great her obligations were to the descendant of Semiramis, it was not gratitude, but a real veneration for her character, that induced Mrs. Montgomery to confer the place of honor upon your illustrious ancestress: she is the first of

her peers. This apartment we call the Pantheon of Woman. But conclude not from these portraits, that Mrs. Montgomery wishes to see her sex commanding armies or governing empires. No, she is convinced that domestic life is the province of a woman. But when we hear the most miserable sophists declare, that we are only fit to be humored like spoiled children, or to be restrained like slaves, it is fortunate for us that the exploits of these heroines contradict their assertions; and even several of these were forced to act a manly part by the tyranny of the men. Katherine had no choice but slavery or empire, a convent or a throne; and though Semiramis could not doubt her own political talents, yet when she had conquered every difficulty in establishing the rights of women, she decreed that, while her daughters should continue the imperial dynasty, her sons only should wield the sceptre of state.

They passed on to Mrs. Montgomery's

A boudoir is an unusual refinement for England. The ladies abroad understand gallantry better, and Mrs. Montgomery had visited the continent.

Nought could have been more elegant than this little alcove of love. A Parisian would have found it faultless; yet no frivolity reigned here, no voluptuous pictures, no indecent prints. From a canopy surmounted by a coronet of roses and myrtle hung a rose-colored curtain, which shaded an eastern sofa. In the back ground were painted, not the loves of Helen and Paris (for Margaret Montgomery would never have admitted a coward into this sanctuary), but of Aspasia and Alcibiades. The young hero had just returned from his first victory; his country had crowned him with laurels, and Aspasia receives him with open arms, a lover worthy of herself. Camilla desired Firnos to observe how judiciously the sofa was placed between the pictures of Arria and Ninon de l' Enclos.

Firnos.

Arria and Ninon? I never expected to see them coupled together. Arria in most picture-galleries is coupled with Lucretia.

Camilla.

We only do her justice in placing her in better company. I have given you my opinion of Lucretia. Arria loved a man to such a degree, that she chose rather to die with him, than to live without him. That this man happened to be her husband, that neither adds to, nor detracts from, the purity of her love, or the courage of her death. The accomplished Eloisa, whose portrait you perhaps remarked in the next room, though a declared enemy of marriage, would in the like situation have done the same; and had Arria been surrounded by a swarm of French abbés and petit-maîtres, she would have changed her lovers with as little ceremony as Ninon. We have placed the two portraits there to declare that a lover

of merit may expect to find an Arria ready to go through fire and water with him; but that, till such a lover should offer, a sensible woman would be of opinion with the nymph in Comus, that inconstancy also has its advantages.

Firnos.

And what is the subject of that painting over the chimney-piece? We learn the opinions of Mrs. Montgomery from the decorations of her boudoir.

Camilla.

That matron is Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. Some frivolous woman of her acquaintance, having displayed before her all her jewels, trinkets, and other ornaments, requested her to show her in return all her treasures. "These," cried Cornelia, pointing to her children, "these are my most valuable treasures." This lady is selected to represent maternity, the grand and sublime purpose of love. She is the tutelary genius of this sanctuary."

In a very few weeks the unfortunate

Baron of Naldor discovered favorable symptoms; and the Scotch doctor, who at the persuasion of the two friends had received the patient into his house, where he could attend more easily to him than in a public hospital, pronounced his cure approaching. The treachery of his wife had inspired him with such a rooted antipathy to her countrywomen, that his rage returned at the sight of every Englishwoman, except the keeper's wife and daughter, who had gained an entire ascendancy over him; but when Mrs. Montgomery and her daughters visited him, Camilla wore the Nair dress.

When he was perfectly recovered, Firnos was admitted, and the surprise and joy of a faithful servant of the imperial family at the sight of Agalva's son exceeded all bounds. At length his prison doors were opened to him. At the idea, that a speedy return to Calicut would free him from the syren who had caused all his misfortunes, "O my dear mother,"

said he, and felt a pleasure which could only be damped by the account of Agalva's absence, and the uncertainty of her fate. Firnos, though not without murmuring at British jurisprudence, had satisfied the creditors of his wife. Curiosity induced him to inquire after that profligate woman, but no one had heard of her for a considerable while.

Before he left England, Firnos was desirous of visiting Mr. Fitz-Allan, who might possibly inform him of some circumstances which might lead to the discovery of the unfortunate infant lost at his house. But as Agalva was only known to the Fitz-Allan family under the title of Marchesa di Roverbella, Naldor persuaded the Prince to appear as the Marchese her son, and accompanied him as his uncle the Cavaliere Pellerini.

Fitz-Allan received the Marchese with open arms, and congratulated him in Italian on his arrival in England. Firnos was perplexed at this unforeseen difficulty.

Naldor came to his assistance. "The Marchese," said he, "is highly flattered at the attentions you have paid to our language; but he were unjust to the beauties of the English, were he to omit any opportunity of acquiring it, and I have induced him to make the same vow as myself, to speak only English."

"And the Marchesa, she soon forgot her best friends here? How is your dear mother?"

The tears of Firnos were starting in his eyes. "My sister," said Naldor hastily, "is well at Florence; but the loss of her infant daughter is a wound which time has not healed. She has sent her son to England, in hopes that his inquiries will be more successful than mine."

"Yes," said Firnos, recollecting himself, "can Fitz-Allan, the friend of my mother, can he afford us no information about my little sister?"

"Alas! I cannot flatter your hopes; so many years are passed since that fatal

night. Poor infant! she is certainly dead."

Firnos was too affected to perceive Fitz-Allan's embarrassment, but Naldor remarked the change of his color. Though veiled in a politeness, in which Fitz-Allan excelled, the coolness of his manner escaped not the courtier's penetration. He was struck that the antient lover of Agalva always contrived to turn the conversation to the most indifferent topics whenever her daughter was mentioned.

Having accepted an invitation to dinner on the following day, the two Nairs took their leave. How great was their surprise on returning at the appointed hour to find the house in confusion, and to hear that Fitz-Allan had left the country: but why or whither, no one, during their stay in England, could inform them.

The favorable manner in which Agalva in her memoirs, and all his friends mentioned him, lulled any suspicions which his unexpected disappearance might in-

spire; and though they wished to see him again, they hesitated not to obey the summons of the Captain, who informed them that in a fortnight the ship would sail from Portsmouth.

Firnos's approaching departure spread a gloom over Mrs. Montgomery's family. It grieved him to part from that distinguished woman; but it went to his heart to separate from Camilla. It was a house of mourning the last night. The morning when he came to bid them farewell, he found a trunk ready packed in the vestibule, and Camilla, in a travelling dress, threw herself into his arms. "Firnos," said she, "you have described your country so often to me, you have made me discontented with my own. You can realise my fondest dreams. The keys of Paradise are in your hands, and will you leave me murmuring in a desert? My mother has consented. I fly with you to the land of liberty."

The joy of Firnos was excessive. Mrs.

Montgomery's children all were dear to him, but Camilla he loved like a sister: his affection for her had all the interest of love, all the purity of friendship; it was a sentiment void of desire; she was sacred in his eyes, for she resembled his unfortunate mother.

Mrs. Montgomery embraced Firnos and Camilla, Camilla and Firnos, and recommended her to the Prince's protection. The children clung to them. Though they had bid them farewell one after the other, they always returned to the charge. Jane sobbed aloud as they descended the stairs. De Grey and Naldor were already in the coach; late in the evening they arrived at the country seat of Edmund de Grey.

Clara heard the sound of their carriage, and ran down to meet them. She leant on the arm of her lover, and this lover was—her husband.

The good qualities of Clara were thrown away on Edmund, who was too orthodox

a man of pleasure to taste for himself, but who blindly subscribed to every tenet of fashion and debauchery. He thought her unworthy of his notice, till the conquest that she had made of Firnos raised her in his opinion; and then he was almost afraid that he was unworthy of hers. But after some hesitation of false pride, he ventured to court her himself.

Clara had received an excellent education. Edmund was just enough to perceive her superiority. He consulted her on every occasion. He adopted her relish for elegant literature, and every liberal pursuit. She was flattered at the deference that he paid her. She became his school-mistress; he her adorer; each loved the other, as if they had never been married.

Firnos felt a real satisfaction at this change. He could conceive how fortunate the circumstance, when love happens to unite a married couple. The affection of a Nair is not the offspring of vanity and

egoism, that considers the success of a rival an affront to its own pretensions. De Grey, indeed, conjectured at first that the presence of Camilla contributed to console him for his loss; but, though this was a mere conjecture, which he never took the trouble to examine; for for he had learned at Calicut that a connection of two individuals, if attended by no singular circumstances and productive of no consequences, can never interest a third; yet he was soon convinced that his conjecture was ill-founded, and that the attachment of Firnos to Camilla was purely platonic.

De Grey's thoughts were busy on his establishment at Calicut. England had lost all its charms in his eyes. It offered as little satisfaction to his love of pleasure as to his thirst of glory. Since he had left Calicut, he had remained constant to the Countess of Raldabar; but his abstinence was rather to be ascribed to her superiority than to his principles. It was the absti-

nence of an epicurian, not of an anchorite. Since he had left her, he had seen no woman whose power over his heart and senses was not annihilated by the mere resemblance of the Countess's charms. She was without a rival; because the traces that she had left on his memory afforded him a pleasure which he could not hope to find in the very arms of any other beauty.

But even the image of the Countess only occurred to him at intervals. Ambition was his ruling passion, and he used to meditate for hours on the path of honour which he proposed to pursue in Indostan. His actions were to render him famous among the Nairs. O with what rapture he would have established a line of successors there. Impossible. His fame, but not his family, could survive him there. His sister Emma, whose children might have represented him there, where is she—this injured, long lost, long lamented sister?

The day had been fixed for their departure for Portsmouth; the preceding day these thoughts engrossed his soul. He retired to an avenue of oaks. Five centuries before a De Grey had planted them. But was this De Grey in reality his father? Possible indeed, but improbable! But if Emma were here, her children, his undoubted nephews should be his successors, when he were dead and gone, the living monuments of his glory.

A chaise and four galloping along the avenue interrupted his reverie; it stopt; the new comer descended, and leaped over the haha to him. It was Don Antonio di Collatini.

"How happy I am," said the Roman, "to find you here. I otherwise should have followed you to Portsmouth.

"One of my relatives, a knight of Malta, whom his companions had left for dead in an attack on one of the Greek islands, has unexpectedly returned from slavery. The hardships he has endured

would fill a volume. After many vicissitudes a merchant, travelling with a caravan to Bagdat, bought him to take care of his camels. In their way thither, they were attacked by a party of Arabs, whom they put to flight, but the merchant received a wound in the skirmish. However slight in itself, their ignorance nearly rendered it mortal. The knight, who had learned something of surgery in attending the sick pilgrims in the hospitals of St. John, offered his assistance, which the Turk was enlightened enough to accept, and recovered. The Turks are a generous nation, and when they err, their prophet is more to be blamed than themselves. Master and man became the best friends, they arrived at Bagdat. But here I will read you an extract from his letter.

" 'One night my master was gone to smoke his pipe at a coffee-house, where a celebrated story-teller was expected to relate some tale from the Arabian Nights. As this entertainment surpassed my know-

ledge of the language, I staid at home and fed the camels. At his return, "Jusef Hekim," said he, (he always called me by this name, which signifies doctor Joseph,) "a merchant of this place, one of my correspondents, has a European slave. The poor woman is sick, he is doatingly fond of her, and intreats that you will cure her."

"'The next day we hastened to the merchant's. You will be disappointed, if you expect the account of an amour with a pampered beauty, who with her neck circled with pearls, and with the diamonds of Golconda trembling in her ears, may sit lolling upon a Persian carpet in the shade of a pomegranate tree, and drink sherbet out of a golden goblet; while a troop of dancing girls, throwing themselves, for her amusement, into every lascivious posture, flatter her superiority at the sight of their less dazzling charms. Nor must you expect the description of an earthly paradise, worthy of the Houris;

perhaps there are such in the East. The Defender of the Faithful might formerly have had one at Bagdat; the Grand Signor has perhaps such a one at present. But we Europeans have formed our ideas of Asia from the Arabian Nights; at the bare name Turk, a seraglio occurs to our imagination; he becomes a Bacha, and all the women of the East are so many sultanas. But ye poor women, whose husbands are mere private individuals, your prisons are less splendid; your resources fewer against your unceasing ennui.

"'At the sight of the Borghese gardens, or at the description of Chantilly, who, if obliged to chuse a prison, would not chuse to be confined among such delights? but these earthly temples fall not to the lot of one in a million, and many mortals would be content with any hovel they could call their own. The Prince of Condé may have a stud of a thousand horses; his neighbors may go on foot; and the man be removed from poverty, who can

afford to keep a riding-horse. In Asia, a woman is an article of luxury; an emir may have his haram stocked with females from every distant province, and even raise the market price; while the lower classes, who cannot afford to purchase a woman from her parents, must amuse themselves as well as they can in a state of celibacy; and he must be easy in his circumstances, who can treat himself with a wife at all.

"'If I may judge from the appearance of his dwelling, my master's correspondent should have no pretension to such a delicacy; but perhaps a woman was his hobby-horse, and he might have pinched himself in every other article in order to indulge himself in this. It is well for the poor woman, if he pinched not her also. The furniture consisted of a couple of torn cushions. A yard of a few feet square, surrounded by a high wall, was allowed her for air and exercise, and her master, who could not afford a eunuch, left her her provision for the day, when he

went to the 'change, and locking the door, put the key into his pocket. If the loss of liberty would render a European woman miserable in a seraglio, conceive the aggravated horrors of such a narrow confinement.

"'I followed her master into their only apartment. A female, veiled from head to foot, arose. She attempted to speak, her voice failed, her sobs interrupted her. At last she said, "Sir, you are a gentleman, I therefore address you with confidence. I am a stranger to you, but, believe me, though reduced so low, my family is one of the first in England. Let me intreat you, by all you hold sacred, by your hopes of salvation, should you ever return to Europe, to inform the family of the Lord-chancellor de Grey of the place of my captivity. O how long it is since I saw the face of a christian! how many months since I, buried within these walls, have seen a human being, save the wretch who keeps me for his infamous pleasures.

O if my brother Walter knew this!—My brother Walter! gracious Heaven! a slave perhaps as well as myself!"

"'She had spoken with increasing emotion, she swooned at my feet.

"'I hastily tore off the veil, when the Turk, in a fit of jealousy, seized me by the collar and pushed me out of the room.'"

"O my dear sister," cried De Grey, "hast thou a tear for me,—for me, the cause of all thy misfortunes? She lives! she still lives! she may be saved! We will rescue her, we will burst her chains. We will establish her happy and free, the mother of a promising family. Her posterity shall survive me!"

De Grey hurried back to the house, almost pulling Don Antonio after him. "Edmund! Firnos! Clara! Camilla!"—His friends dart down stairs at the sound of their names. "My sister is found," said he, "Emma is found." "Where? where?" His color changed. "At Bag-

dat," said he with a sigh. Don Antonio related the account.

"My travelling chaise and four! Farewell, Edmund! Farewell, Clara! Firnos and Camilla, a good voyage to you both! I depart this instant for Bagdat. Every delay is a crime to my sister. If I succeed in delivering her, I shall pass through Persia. You shall never see me at Calicut without Emma. How I long to introduce her to your family. After her present purgatory, she shall find a paradise in your maternal hall."

Don Antonio, who was impatient to return to Mrs. Montgomery in London, offered him a seat in his chaise. "May your expedition," said Firnos, "be more successful than my own; and your sister be restored to the bosom of her family; though my poor mother.... Farewell, De Grey." "Farewell, Firnos: my respects to the Samorin, to the Samorina, to the court; my love to the Countess of Baldabar."

The next morning, Firnos, Camilla and Naldor separated from Edmund and Clara. "My dear friends," said Firnos, joining their hands, "let love make you forget that you are married."

Late that night they arrived at Portsmouth. How sorrowful was Firnos: every object around him in the inn, where he had lodged on his first arrival in England, when full of hopes and confident in the success of his voyage he almost considered his mother discovered and restored to her family, every object now reminded him of his disappointment. He reflected on her adventures in England. Every scene in her journal recurred. He sees her sprinkled with the blood of the Countess O'Neil, and all his filial piety shudders at the drawn sword of a barbarous husband, thirsting for the blood of his mother. Then how soothing is the idea, that his parent had been an instrument of providence, to save two fellow-creatures from destruction. She saved a child and its

mother! but alas! she could not save her own child. The little Osva, where is she? a descendant of the divine Samora, a princess of the first empire on the earth; she whose foremothers were so free and so illustrious, where is she? Perhaps a vagabond in a strange country, or has she already ended a life of wretchedness, perhaps by a death of infamy. "O my dear mother, if thou art not dead already, this thought will kill you." His pillow was still wet with his tears, and sleep had scarcely closed his eyes when he was woke by the captain of the ship. The captain informed him that he should not sail till next day.

Firnos was desirous of learning the fate of the unhappy victim of seduction, who had interested him before.

The waiter informed him that a severe sickness confined her to her bed.

The Prince and Naldor determined to visit her. Camilla offered to accompany them. "My country-women," said she,

" would turn up their eyes at this proposal. Formerly, our apartments were hung with the Harlot's Progress, and our damsels, seeing the state of misery and degradation to which one false step would expose them, avoided temptation; now we are grown so delicate in our expressions, that we can scarcely find a denomination for the seventy thousand victims of seduction that infest our metropolis. Are our ladies chaster than formerly? no, but their chastity has retreated into the ears; and while the journals and magazines of the day are full of the praises of Madame Tallien's transparent robe, or of Madame Recamier's boudoir, an author who would describe such scenes as Hogarth drew, would be considered gross and indelicate. You cannot suspect me of being an advocate for the seclusion of my sex; yet I will allow, that a mother in this country would give her daughters a more useful lesson, in showing them vice at her last gasp in the purlieus of prostitution, than

in conducting them to admire the luxurious furniture displayed in triumph at the *petite-maison* of a fashionable demirep.

"Sure," said the waiter, "your honors and her ladyship will not venture up a loft, her ladyship would break her neck from the ladder; besides, it is an improper house, and in a street which no decent person chooses to enter by daylight."

"Honest European," said Firnos, "go your ideas of decency to bed with the sun, or is there more propriety in sharing the wages of her infamy by night, than in assisting at her sick bed by day?"

The conscience of the waiter brought the blood into his face. He conducted them to the improper house. It was situated in Cut-throat Lane, Portsmouth's lasting shame, with many a foul and midnight murder fed.

Immortal love, ex-sovereign of Cyprus and Cnide, to how many revolutions hast thou submitted? One superstition pays thee divine honors, processions march to

thy altars; hymns resound in thy praise, and incense burns before thy image. Another superstition holds thee in abhorrence, thou art banished to the lurking places of infamy; assassins are thy allies, and bravos thy body-guard. Here the mother consecrates her blooming daughter to thy worship; there the nun is buried alive for listening to thy voice: and yet, immortal love, thou meritest no prison; thou requirest no temple. Let thy influence animate every heart; none should be excluded from thy smile, but none should be devoted to thy service.

Naldor, who had been the longest in England, concealed his watch-chain, and held his pockets, as he passed a number of suspectable-looking fellows who seemed inclined to hustle them on the stairs. They had arrived at the first, second, third, and fourth stories; here and there a squalling half-naked brat comes out to stare at them; now a facetious gin-woman smokes a whiff of the worst tobacco in their faces;

or a priestess of Venus invites them to the mysteries of her goddess, and devotes them to the infernal regions for not accepting the invitation. Camilla nearly broke her neck in climbing the loft ladder.

Misery could not have found a less hospitable dwelling. The inclemency of the weather had obliged the shivering inhabitants to fasten the wooden shutters, for glass windows there were none; and the only light entering here and there through the roof, where the wind had blowed away the tiles, discovered the unhappy votary of pleasure, now the image of death, lying on a coarse pallet bed. Her cheek was wan, her eye had lost its lustre, and her leg, which had been broken, was shut up in a setting-machine. The Prince inquired into her misfortune, but when she attempted to speak, her voice failed: no nourishment had passed her lips for four-and-twenty hours.

A woman entered the loft; the meanness of her dress corresponded with the objects

around. Her best years were passed, but her appearance was less impaired by age, than by disorderly habits. She had lost an eye, her breath smelt of gin, but her language had the elegance of a superior station. "Be comforted, my dear," said she, affectionately taking the hand of her sick sister, (misfortune a more binding tie than blood had united them,) "I have brought you a roll, and will make your tea directly. I was a long while before I could earn this; I am not longer young, my charms are gone: God knows what may be my own fate!"

Firnés inquired of Fandella by what accident her friend had broken her leg. "Tiny," said she, "(for such is the name that a captain of marines has given to my companion, and perhaps she would not wish that her real one should be known,) was, some few months past, the smartest girl in the town. She was the favorite toast of all the navy in the harbor; Spanish dollars and doublons showered into her

lap; she received the visits of captains and lieutenants, though should she recover, she may not be able to cast her thoughts so high: but even in her best days she sighed after a more reputable livelihood. One day the waiter of an inn, who was in her pay, acquainted her that a lady wanted a waiting-woman. Tiny entered her service; but soon discovered that her new mistress had eloped from her husband with the gentleman who used to visit her. The husband unexpectedly interrupts the two lovers. They fly in a post-chaise and four. They are overturned. Tiny's leg is broken: the lovers have scarcely money enough to continue their flight; they leave her without any recompense; she is brought home; the surgeon's bill eats up her little savings; an avaricious host turns her out of her elegant lodgings; she is brought here, where the surgeon's humanity has promised to accomplish her cure. But I must go and make her tea.

"I could swear," said Naldor, as soon as Fandella was gone, "that I had seen that woman before, her voice is so familiar to me.

Tiny, being strengthened by the tea, thanked the Prince for the interest that he took in her fate; but the surgeon coming to look at her leg, Fandella invited the visitors to adjourn to her garret. "Behold me," said Fandella, "at present on the third floor. In my golden age, I inhabited the first. Having ceased to be a novelty, I retreated to the second, for the silver age had succeeded; but now I shall be too happy, if the ruins of my former charms will enable me to retain this miserable garret, and I be not obliged to associate with Tiny in the loft. This is my age of brass, as the usher of a neighboring school observed, who, having honored me with a visit, gave me fourpence for my trouble."

"I mistake," said Pirnos, "if you were born for this manner of life."

Fandella.

No one knows for what he was born. I have had lords sighing at my feet, and the vis-à-vis of a duke at my command; but to-day I was the doxy of a drunken sailor. My sister rolls in her chariot, while I trudge in pattens, go supperless to bed, and envy the hounds in my brother's kennel. We have all our ups and downs in this life.

Firnos.

Madam, you are a philosopher.

Fandella.

Alas, sir, I am no better than I should be.

Naldor.

And, to my cost—my wife.

Fandella looked at Naldor, changed color, seemed confused, bit her lips, and burst into a loud fit of laughter.

Fandella.

Tell me, caro sposo, in the name of fortune, how escaped you out of prison? I thought you safely lodged for life.

Naldor was too disgusted at her insensibility to satisfy her curiosity.

Firnos.

Come, Fandella, Tiny once obliged me with her history; I am sure yours is not less remarkable; would you favor us with the recital?

Fandella.

With all my heart; one of the sisterhood with one eye must not reject any opportunity of earning a guinea.

Firnos took one out of his pocket.

Fandella.

See how I jump at the sight of a guinea, and once I had a fortune of five thousand, but this fortune was probably the source of all my calamities.

"My father, a country squire, left me at his death to the care of my brother. I had reached my sixteenth year, when a Captain Lisle was introduced to me as a partner at one of our race balls. He made me so many gallant speeches, paid my beauty so many compliments, that my

young heart was his before the night was over; and, having the talent at first sight to distinguish the foible of every one, he gained my brother's good will by suffering himself to be overreached in the price of a horse: (for my brother, though at bottom of an honest character, and rather fitted to be a dupe than a knave, still piqued himself upon the low cunning and tricks of a farrier.) He was invited to our house, and soon ran away with me to Gretna Green. Too soon I discovered that I had married a noted sharper. Had this happened in any other Protestant country, my family would have had my marriage annulled, as my husband had been guilty of the most infamous practices; but as I had the honor of seeing the light in a land of liberty, where the indissolubility of marriage is considered the bulwark of morality, there was no remedy: I was doomed to remain the property of a villain. My family paid him my fortune, and left me to my fate. My husband, soon as he

had dissipated the last guinea of my portion, determined to turn my charms to ready money; and for fifty pounds, and afterward for half that sum paid into the hands of my lord and master, I was obliged to submit to any lover that offered.

"Having taught me to trifle with the sanctity of marriage, he set about destroying every sentiment of honesty. His ill treatment was at last successful, and the eloquence of his cane overcame all my scruples. I became the decoy-duck of the faro-table that he kept at some of the most fashionable bathing-places; and woe to the youth, who having more money than wit, fell into our clutches; my charms turned his head, my husband's avarice stripped his pocket. At length, the discovery of a villainous plot, over which he had been brooding in England, forced us to quit the country. We lived for two years a rambling life on the continent, frequenting the most considerable fairs of Germany during the winter, and

during the summer visiting Spa or Aix, Pyrmont or Carlsbad.

"At Carlsbad, Lisle had won a large sum of a Polish count: he followed him to Vienna. Here I was delivered of a child. I was surprised that it was taken away from me, but Lisle quieted me by assuring me that it was at nurse. On my recovery we were about to leave the town; I wished to have the child fetched home, when he told me he had left it at the Foundling Hospital. You may conceive my grief and indignation. I was a strumpet and a cheat; but I was still a mother. I called him every infamous name that a scoundrel could deserve. He flew upon me with his stick. An officer, who lodged in the next apartment, burst into the room, and called him a coward: they drew their swords, and Lisle was pierced through the heart. The loss of a husband cost me not a tear, but my anxiety about my child produced a severe illness. Ah, then I was a foolish sentimental creature;

I pouted and fretted for a whole month, scarcely took any nourishment, and grew as thin as a bullrush; but now I have not more feeling than a Spartan, and when any thing afflicts me, I only laugh the louder. Once I shed tears at my father's, because a turtle, which I had fed for a few days, was to be killed for dinner; but lately I saw two of my lovers hanged and gibbetted, and never blinked an eye.

"My countrymen at Vienna humanely raised a subscription for me, and exerted themselves to discover the child; but as my husband had had the barbarity to leave it without any token whatever, their inquiries were fruitless among the multitude of foundlings. I departed for England, often casting behind a sorrowful look to the place where the little orphan was lost.

"At my return my family would not acknowledge me. I might have been restored to the path of honor and virtue, had not the life I had led been so notorious;

my amours had engrossed too much of the scandalous chronicle; my character was too infamous for my own relatives to countenance me; and my late husband's associates were not likely to inculcate sentiments of morality into a young woman in my distressed situation. I therefore conspired with adventurers, blacklegs, and swindlers, and had my share in their booty. In short I am the celebrated Mrs. Jackson, and I have often thought of favoring the public with my life and apology, but I could never agree with the bookseller.

"Once I had outwitted a silversmith out of a service of plate; the man came for payment; I had changed my abode, but he discovered me, and threatened to throw me into prison. I soon perceived that his principles of honesty were much on a level with my own. "And what advantage to you, suppose I rot in prison? No, your only hopes of payment is to leave me at liberty to decoy into marriage

a foolish Italian. (Excuse the harshness of the expression," continued she, bowing to her caro sposo.) "He is dying for love, and when he is catched in the noose, you may dun him the next day."

"I am almost at the end of my tale. I persuaded the Cavaliere to visit Edinburgh with me. We lodged at the house of a man who was pointed out to me as having joined in a similar plot against another thoughtless young fellow; the Cavaliere calls me his wife before witnesses, is imprisoned for my debts, and what has happened to him since, himself is best able to inform us. I left him to his fate without any remorse. In my first marriage I was my husband's dupe, but having learned a little worldly wisdom, I resolved that in my second my husband should be mine.

"I next rolled along Bond Street in the chariot of a young heir, and when his father forced him to marry, passed over

with other moveables into the hands of his usurer. I soon frequented the play-houses, where my loud laugh interrupted the most interesting scenes, and drew every eye from the stage. I then accompanied a captain on a recruiting party: he catched me in the arms of his corporal, and turned me into the street.

"The influence of my charms was henceforward felt in a lower sphere. Will you believe it, I had the weakness to be really in love with the corporal, and followed the regiment wherever it was quartered. '*Fame, wealth, and honor, what are ye to love?*'

"I very often had not a shilling in my pocket. One night a strolling company were to act Julius Cæsar in a barn; I had no money to enter, and was peeping through a crevice in the boards, when Brutus, who was rehearsing his part, and flourishing his drawn sword, darted the murderous steel into my eye. I was now

known to the young gentlemen of Eton school by the name of the One-eyed Charmer.

"Last autumn his regiment was ordered to the West Indies, and I followed the corporal hither. But the ungrateful Lothario, who expected to be advanced to a halbert for marrying the major's laundress, and who was possibly tired of my remaining eye, embarked without me, leaving me to bewail the inconstancy of man, or drown in a pot of porter the disappointments of disinterested love. But I must see whether Tiny wishes for any more tea.

Firnos.

Tell me, you, who boast yourself divested of all feeling, who could leave your husband to languish in a prison, are you not inconsistent in taking such trouble about Tiny?

Fandella.

Perhaps I am; I never considered the matter: but Tiny is not my husband.

Firnos.

Poor woman; your prospects of happiness were once so promising, and your heart was naturally so good; marriage has spoiled them both. Naldor, we leave this island to-morrow, the interval is short, and yet I would bet, that we leave it not without some new accusations against matrimony.

Fandella returned with Tiny's surgeon: the Prince praised his humanity, exhorted him to double his pains, and made him a handsome present.

The visitors had mounted to bid Tiny farewell, when a hemming and hahing was heard on the ladder, as if to prepare the loft for an important visit; and a man, with a well-powdered wig, and ruffles reaching his knuckles, entered. He was too conscious of his dignity, as his master's representative, to touch his hat, but with the insolent strut of an upstart approached the bed: it was a gentleman's steward.

Steward.

Well, girl, how long am I and my master to dance attendance upon you; I hope I am here for the last time.

Tiny.

I hope so too.

Steward.

My master offers you thirty pounds for your evidence.

Tiny.

I have none.

Steward.

Well then, he will give you fifty.

Tiny.

Tell your master, that if he would give me five hundred, I would never betray the mistress whose bread I have eaten.

Steward.

Is that your last word?

Tiny.

My last.

Steward.

"Well then, starve," he said, and banged the door after him.

Tiny.

Is the fellow gone? Fandella has probably informed you, that my late mistress had eloped from her husband; but luckily he can prove nothing without my evidence.

Firnos.

Generous girl. Shivering in this bleak hovel, covered with rags, without a comfort to cheer you, without a friend: No, I am unjust to Fandella. Ye women of virtue, learn among the outcasts of society what disinterested friendship is. Tell me, Tiny, whence have you the fortitude to refuse fifty pounds?

Tiny.

My mistress meant so well to me. Could I do otherwise?

Firnos led Camilla aside; they having whispered together, she returned. "Tiny," said she, "I am about to quit England, and want a waiting-woman. If you have no objection to a voyage to India, and are, as I doubt not, really determined to re-

nounce a manner of life, which not choice, but necessity recommended, I offer you the place."

Tiny accepted the offer, and she was to be removed that night to the inn, in order to embark with her new mistress.

Naldor made Fandella a present. "Let me intreat you," whispered he to Firnos, "conceal from my beloved wife that I embark with you, or she may contract fresh debts before to-morrow, and I, her poor husband, may be arrested before we sail out of the harbor."

The three travellers return to their inn.

Camilla was reflecting how Tiny, who had been so long the victim of European ideas, would be agreeably surprised at finding such an asylum as Calicut; when Fandella arrived with a letter, wherein Tiny thanked her for her good intentions; but her maternal affection would not permit her to remove so far from her child. His interest indeed had obliged her to banish herself so long from his sight, but nothing

could induce her to renounce him for ever.

Camilla could not but approve this resolution, which raised Tiny in her esteem, and she sent her a letter, recommending her to the protection of Mrs. Montgomery.

"What," said Naldor, "will you recommend a strumpet to an English gentlewoman?" "Why not," answered Camilla, "it will not be the first whom she has saved from perdition."

"Well, Firnos," said Naldor, the next day, "you would have lost your wager, the day of our departure has come, and we have met no new victim of wedlock."

Firnos.

Wedlock, I thank you for the word; it is the most expressive in the language. But I cannot bear the idea, which your poets in Europe think so pretty, "Chains of love;" love needs no chains, not even chains of roses; two hearts, whom love has with its loadstone touched, will stick

together, nought will tear asunder. But soon as the magnetic power has ceased, say, why should wedlock link in iron fetters, superfluous ever when they are not vexatious, those bodies which the soul of love has left?

Camilla, (clapping her hands.)

Bravo, Firnos! Are you a poet too? Who taught you to spout blank verse?

Firnos.

If so, it was very innocently; the subject ran away with me.

"The day of our departure is come," repeated Naldor, as they descended the stairs.

"But it is not gone," answered Firnos. He looked up and saw Susan standing among the crowd, which surrounded their carriage; but how changed from that Susan, whose charms had cost him fifty pounds. Alas! how changed! her eye had lost its lustre, her cheek its color, her dejected air and ragged attire bore every mark of wretchedness and poverty. "How

are you, Susan?" A sigh was the answer. "Where is your husband?"—"I have lost him." "Then you must get another." "I may not." "Why not?"—"My husband is not dead." "Where is he then?" Susan faltered—"He is transported."

Firnos had not time to enquire into her history. It was high tide, and the captain was impatient. He made her a present, jumped into the carriage, and drove to the harbor. They embarked.

The captain, who used to frequent the inn, informed him, that her husband, the waiter, had been transported to Botany Bay for seven years, for stealing his master's plate. "What," said Firnos, "can the law require that this poor woman, in the bloom of her youth, should renounce every tender sentiment for seven years; or require that an honest woman, after the seven years are expired, should receive into her arms a notorious felon. Though I have endeavored to get some insight into British jurisprudence, I could never doubt

that a sentence of transportation would operate as a divorce in favor of the innocent wife. Naldor, I should have won the wager."

As the white cliffs of England faded from their sight, "Ah, Camilla," said Firnos, "you have been my guardian angel; your love lent me the clew to escape out of this labyrinth: had not your merit fixed me, my passions might have stranded me on this dangerous shore; I might have been murdered by some punctilious, or prosecuted by some avaricious husband; nay, I might have been married."

"And thrown into prison by some extravagant wife," cried Naldor, interrupting him. "Farewell, thou land of liberty."

The first months of their voyage were already passed, but, the nearer he approached his maternal country, the more Firnos was affected at the ill success of his expedition. He foresaw the melancholy which would spread over every face

at Calicut; he foresaw the mortification of his uncle, and the despair of his venerable grandmother, at the uncertainty of Agalva's fate and the loss of the infant Osva. A brisk gale of wind never blew, but his gloomy imagination saw his mother sinking, the prey of the waves: he shuddered; Camilla flattered him in vain with the hopes of finding her returned already. She sincerely condoled with her friend in the midst of her own good fortune; for she had become a mother herself; she had borne a daughter, whom she named Marina, from the element which first rocked her cradle.

END OF VOL. II.

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